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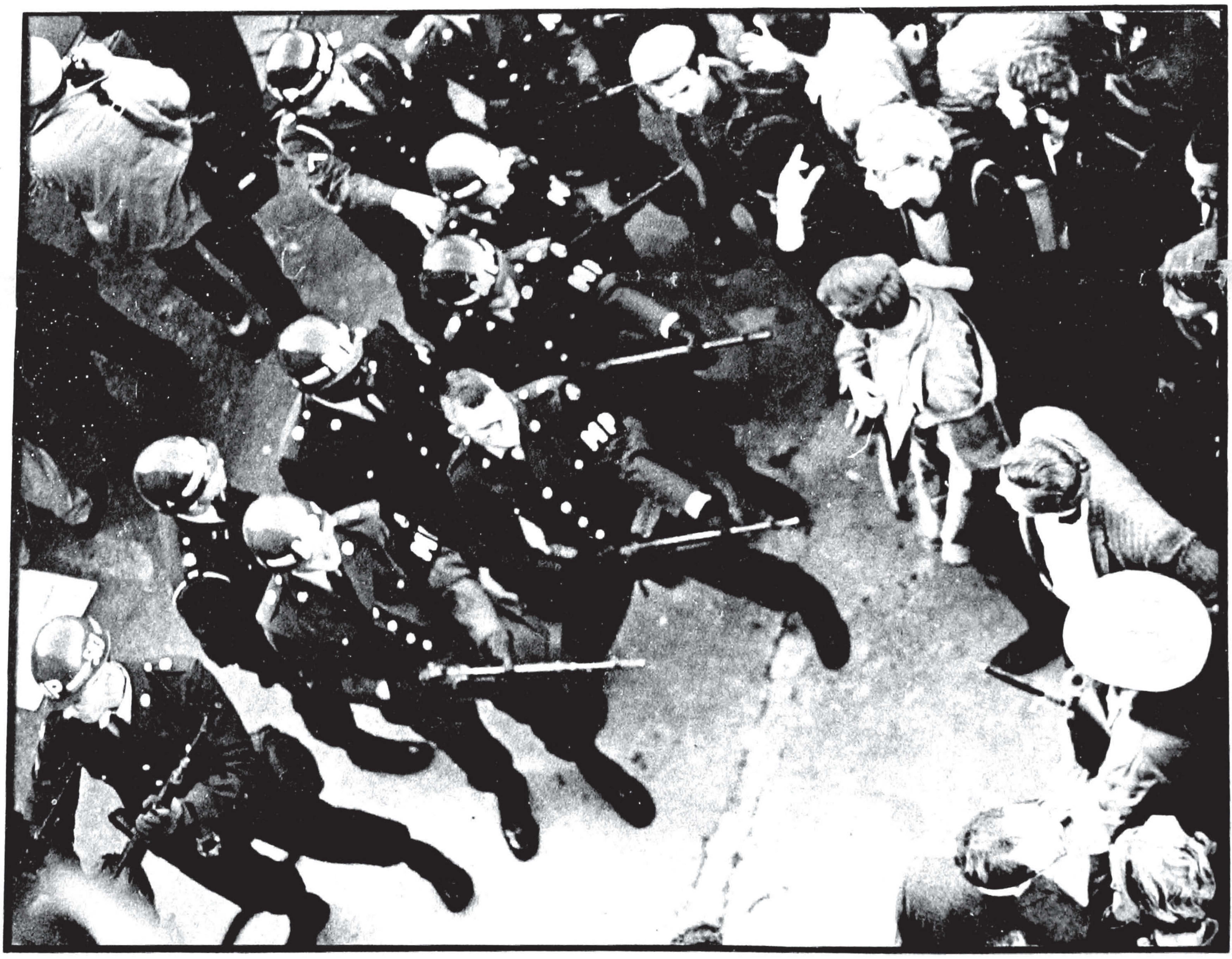
EXTRA!

PENTAGON SPECIAL



THE WAR-PEACE GAME

From the last gasps of the shuffling, confused Movement was born at the Pentagon the American Resistance. Accounts of the battle fronts are still coming in, the wounded and the arrested are still being counted and treated, mopping up of the graffiti and the bon-fires is in process. Out of this confusion, the FREE PRESS attempts to piece together the jig-saw of the various fronts. All facts stated here are as true as we can ascertain, all accusations are backed up with written eye-witness accounts, affidavits, and personal statements.

THE FIRST ASSAULT

While the mass of the mobilization marched in various contingents along the roads of the main parade group, two groups, the Revolutionary Contingent, consisting of the Committee to Aid the National Liberation Front, the Black Mask, and other anti-imperialist groups, and the Students for a Democratic Society, split off from the parade at the Memorial Bridge. Going across the woods, they entered the Pentagon by slashing a fence off the North Parking Lot and pushing their way through the American Legion on the outside of the fence and the first contingent of military police on the inside. Walter Teague, of the Committee to Aid the NLF was arrested at this point, but most of the two groups managed to forc Jacques Bonnard through. This took place at approximately 4:30 P.M.

STORMING THE PLAZA

SDS and the Revolutionary Contingent came through the North Parking Lot and stormed the pier at the west side of the main entrance to the Pentagon. They rushed to the top of the plaza into the illegal zone of confrontation. The permit regulations had specified the top steps of the

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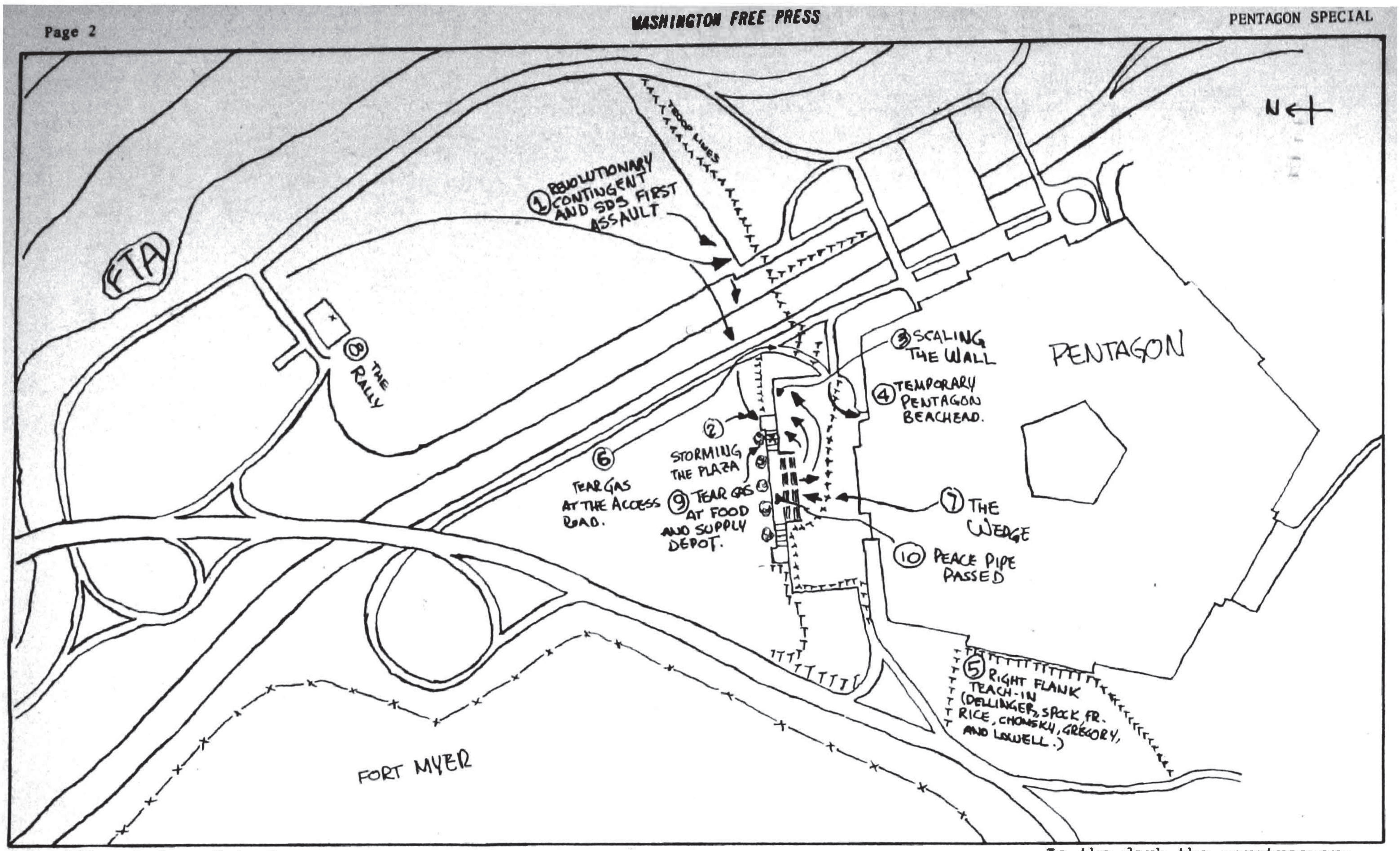
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TROOP LINES
① REVOLUTIONARY CONTINGENT AND SDS FIRST ASSAULT
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⑤ RIGHT FLANK TEACH-IN (DELLINGER, SPOCK, FR. RICE, CHOMSKY, GREGORY, AND LOWELL.)
FORT MYER

WEDGE!

by Margie Stamberg

After dark on Saturday night, with nobody there to know or tell, a massacre occurred on the center steps of the main entrance to the Pentagon.

In the afternoon, led by marchess from Students for a Democratic Society and the Revolutionary Contingent, the main entrance had been stormed and held. The morale of the thousands sitting to hold the steps was up as the victory had been real. MP's were relaxing, talking, even deserting. Chants of "Join Us! Join Us!" rang out Draft card burning began en-masse, the flame of burning draft cards being passed along the lines, as one after another went up. Soon the pungent odor of grass and hash wafted by as pipes and joints were passed around. . Reports of three desertions occurred in this period.

The situation remained such from 6 to 12 p.m., with perhaps three thousand people holding the steps. As time went on, organization grew, communication systems were set up, water and food brigades brought in supplies. Political discussions and news broadcasts from other fronts were conducted through the Bull Horns.

As night fell, the atmosphere turned more ominous. The MP's were replaced by paratroopers. And the paratroopers, unlike the army reserves mobilized for the day, were veterans of Vietnam, and to them we were the enemy, just as are the Vietnamese men and women slaughtered previously. We did, in fact, witness a miniature Vietnam. As we watched, unarmed people in our lines were being bayonetted and kicked into unconsciousness, then dragged away. In our heads, the image of Nazi-ism perhaps dominated even more. We, like the Jews, had come non-resisting into this isolated house of death, and we sat in the dark, at the mercy of robots before the gas chambers waiting for the proverbial bar of soap.

When the paratroopers with their M-14 rifles, bayonets, clubs, and stone faces appeared, the bull horns set up a call for reinforcements from those resting at the campfires below. A tight resistance of row upon row of people sitting with locked arms was formed. Then the squeeze began. We saw at first, individuals in the front lines being dragged out behind the troop lines and carried away. Suddenly, the troops which had been in single rows in front of the crowd formed into a wedge on the right side. Their tactic apparently was to split the group in two and force them to move back. No explanation was given for the sudden action. Paddy wagons rolled up, soldiers with teargas guns appeared among the troops, and from the mall behind, other troops began to form. People in the back rows set fires on the concrete to keep the troops from boxing in the people.

Slowly the wedge began to move in on people. With bayonets and rifle butts, they moved first on the girls in the front line, kicking them, jabbing at them again and again with the guns, busting their heads and arms to break the chain of locked arms. The crowd appealed to the paratroopers to back off, to join them, to just act human. They sang the Star Spangled Banner and other songs! but the troops at this point were non-men, the appeals were futile.

The pleas of SDS people on the bull horns to convince the group to pull back in the face of a tactically dead-ended situation went unheeded. And so we sat. Some individuals left, but most remained. To leave was to leave one's brothers and sisters to get clubbed, yet to passively remain in the locked chain was also to participate in the senseless brutality. The victory of before was forgotten. In the dark the paratroopers began to move.

As they clubbed the marked person, usually a girl, in the first row, and dragged her away, the ranks in back closed in tighter. The person in the row behind became the front, was subjectedto blows and kicks dragged away, and the troops went on to the third row. Then the forth, the fifth, the sixth rank, and so on until the people were finally separated into two groups. One hundred people were methodically beaten and carried away to the paddy wagons.

The wedge beat through to the last line, and the resistance was broken. Those left. who had been locking arms stood up and waited quietly to be taken to the paddy wagons which continued to arrive. No one was leaving now; the thousands there prepared for arrest.

One cannot articulate the agony of those who sat and watched go on slowly for hours amidst the songs, the pleas, the tears, and the impotent curses of "motherfucker." and "Bastards!" from those who could not leave yet could not resist.

When the resistance had been broken, the brutality stopped, the crowd prepared for arrest, word came that MacNamara had arrived at the Pentagon. When this was announced on the bull horns, the troops stopped attacking immediately. Sidney Peck of the National Mobilization Committee took the bull horn from SDS and begged the troops to

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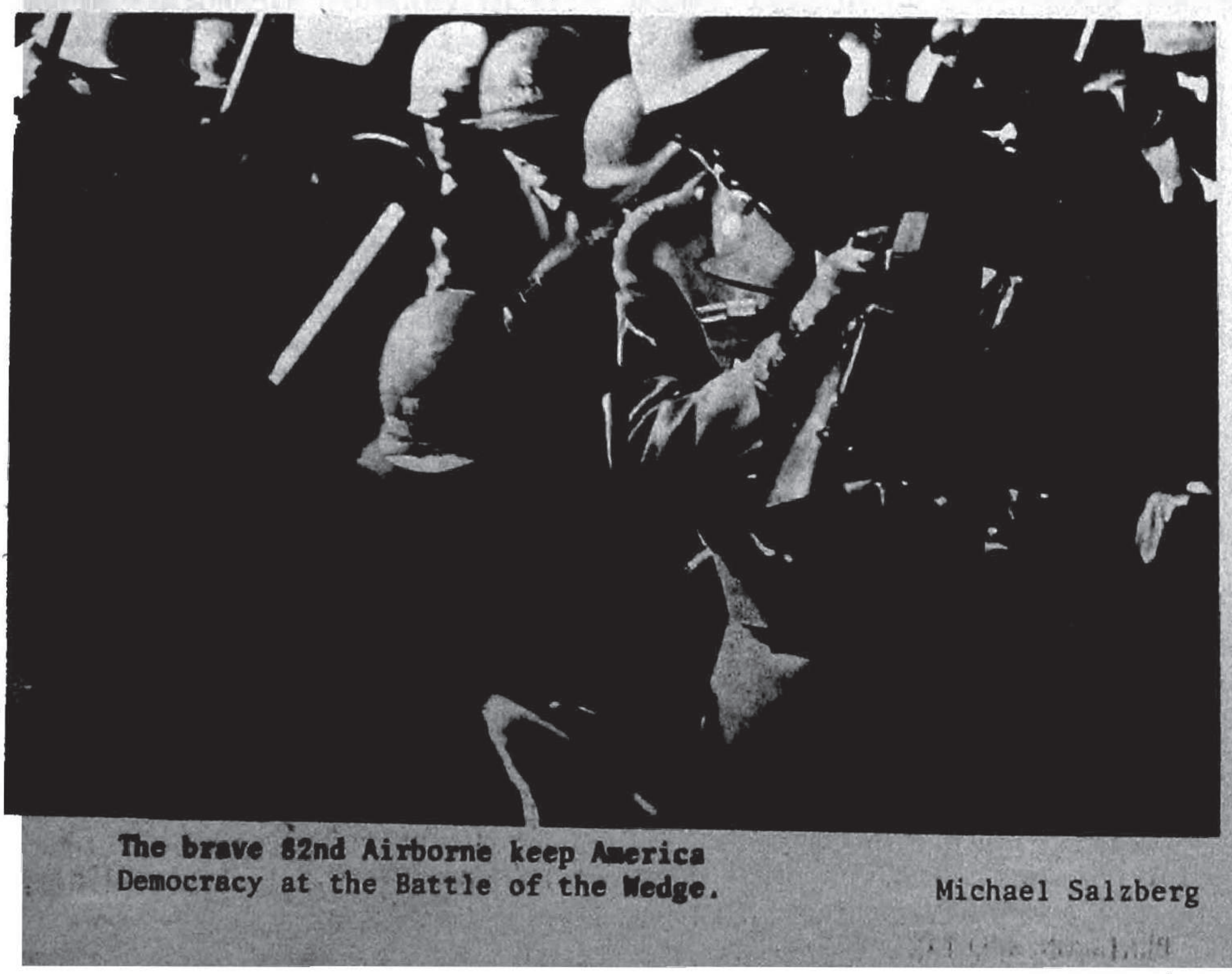

The brave 82nd Airborne keep America Democracy at the Battle of the Wedge.

Michael Salzberg

At 12:15 am, October 22, I was sitting peacefully in the front line of demonstrators on the wall at the Pentagon. Without warning or provocation a segment of the stationary line of soldiers surged forward and I was pulled from my position. I was thrown behind the line of MP's where two U. S. Marshalls siezed me. A third beat me about the head with a night-stick. The wound bled and required several stitches to close.

Douglas A. Tilden

I saw the other protestor ...being dragged away by his hair, which was not particularly long.

A U. S. Marshall, one of the largest men I have ever seen, intentionally and without reason struck my left arm and left breast with his knee.

One of the MP's during the separation stepped on a girl's hair and simultaneously tried to drag her away. She told him she was in pain yet he continued to stand on her hair and pull her by the arms.

Irina Jordan

WAR GAMES...

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main entrance as the maximum point of advancement. The first person to reach the top planted a NLF flag at the head. As thousands of Revolutionary Contingent and SDS people stormed the plaza, and succeeded in packing the steps before it, the row of MPs was held back. This action took place at approximately 5 P.M. and the ground was held until 2 A.M. the following morning, when the battle of the wedge occurred. SDS members carried bull horns into the plaza. Tom Bell, of SDS, climbed the wall of the plaza, where reporters were stationed, to set up the bull horn. He was confrontedby an MP who attempted to billy-club him down. Bell managed to pull the billy-club from his hand and gained the position. For several hours, masses of people continued to pour up the steps and onto the plaza. Several times they were pushed down the steps, but the position was held. The bull horn was established at about 6 P.M. and Bell, at that station, began to talk to the troops, to tell them that the soldiers were not the people's enemy; the decision-makers were. He also set up a communications station, reporting to the plaza group the actions on the other fronts. At approximately 7 pm, amidst shouts of JOIN US, JOIN US, a person at the head burned his draft card. This started a mass conflagration, as the burning card was passed from hand to hand to light another.

While members of the Revolutionary Contingent attempted to force the plaza group into gaining more ground through violent confrontation with the MP's, the SDS people at the bull-horns gained control and the people on the plaza and the steps sat and locked arms instead. This position ruled for several hours. Communications were established, water, food and cigarettes brought and distributed. Conversations among the front-line resisters and MP's ensued. Cigarettes were exchanged. The MP's broke attention, talked among themselves. Two defected: one is believed to have disappeared into the crowd, the other was taken into the Pentagon. The stand-off continued until midnight. MP's were then replaced by the 82nd Airborne Division of the Paratroops, veterans of Vietnam. Subsequently the Battle of the Wedge began at the plaza.

THE WEDGE

(A statement by Chuck Crouse; news director of WPOP radio, Hartford, Conn.)

"Soldiers as individuals did disobey the orders of their officers. The appeals were successful in part--three soldiers did throw down their weapons and join the demonstrators. Three out of maybe ten thousand! At least one of the defecting soldiers was seized and dragged into the building by MPs soon afterward. Late in the evening, the soldiers began a tactic of inching forward almost imperceptably, to squeeze the sit-ins back. When the soldiers came in contact with the front rank, a white-helmeted US marshall would accuse the demonstrators of crowding the soldiers. Eventually, someone on the front line would make some movement, if only to give ground. He would be clubbed by three or four soldiers with rifle butts, then dragged through the line to a paddy wagon. I saw this happen in more than a dozen instances, with two or three sit-ins beaten and dragged away in each instance. Around midnight, the soldiers drove a wedge into the seated crowd, and a line of marshalls did away with the creeping tactic and began dragging off sit-ins much more quickly. Those who made any movement--and I don't mean a violent movement--were struck with billy clubs and rifle butts. By 12:30, the steps of the Pentagon were clear of demonstrators, 99% of whom had been scrupulously non-violent throughout. Much of what I am reporting was left out of wire stories for the sake of brevity, or because few newsmen were there. I was, though. It is painful to tell it, but that is my report."

SCALING THE WALLS

Around 5:30 P.M. members of the plaza front realized that there was access to a side-door of the main entrance through scaling the wall upon which Tom Bell was stationed with the Bull Horn. On the plaza, the ropes originally marking off the point of legal resistance were torn down and converted into rope ladders. These were attached to the walls, and those on the steps, and the pier below scaled the wall into this area They, too, managed to hold their ground until the Wedge Battle. Approximately 1000 people were in this area...

TEMPORARY PENTAGON BEACH HEAD.

At about six P.M. some of those who had scaled the wall, rushed the side door to the main Pentagon entrance above the plaza. This group took the military police by surprise and encountered only five or six troops at the door. They were offered no resistance outside the door, but upon entering the Pentagon they were brutally beaten and dragged away to the paddy wagons. Access to the Pentagon was not regained again.

RIGHT FLANK TEACH-IN

Leaders of the main mobilization contingent, having finished a rally on the North Parking Lot decided to commit civil disobedience. They attempted to join the group on the plaza front, but this area was filled to capacity with people, and the military police were beginning to block off access to the plaza by setting up a blockade at the entrance pier. Instead of this plan; the main mobil leaders veered to the right of the mall and encountered military [illegible] between the east wing of the Pentagon and the right access road. Here at about 6 P.M. they held a teach-in for the troops...Upon orders from the U.S. Marshals, the military

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CALLED
ME A
NIGGER!

On the way to the Pentagon...

The first assault...

Tom Bell captures the wall for the SDS Bull Horn...

Scaling the walls...

The Wedge...

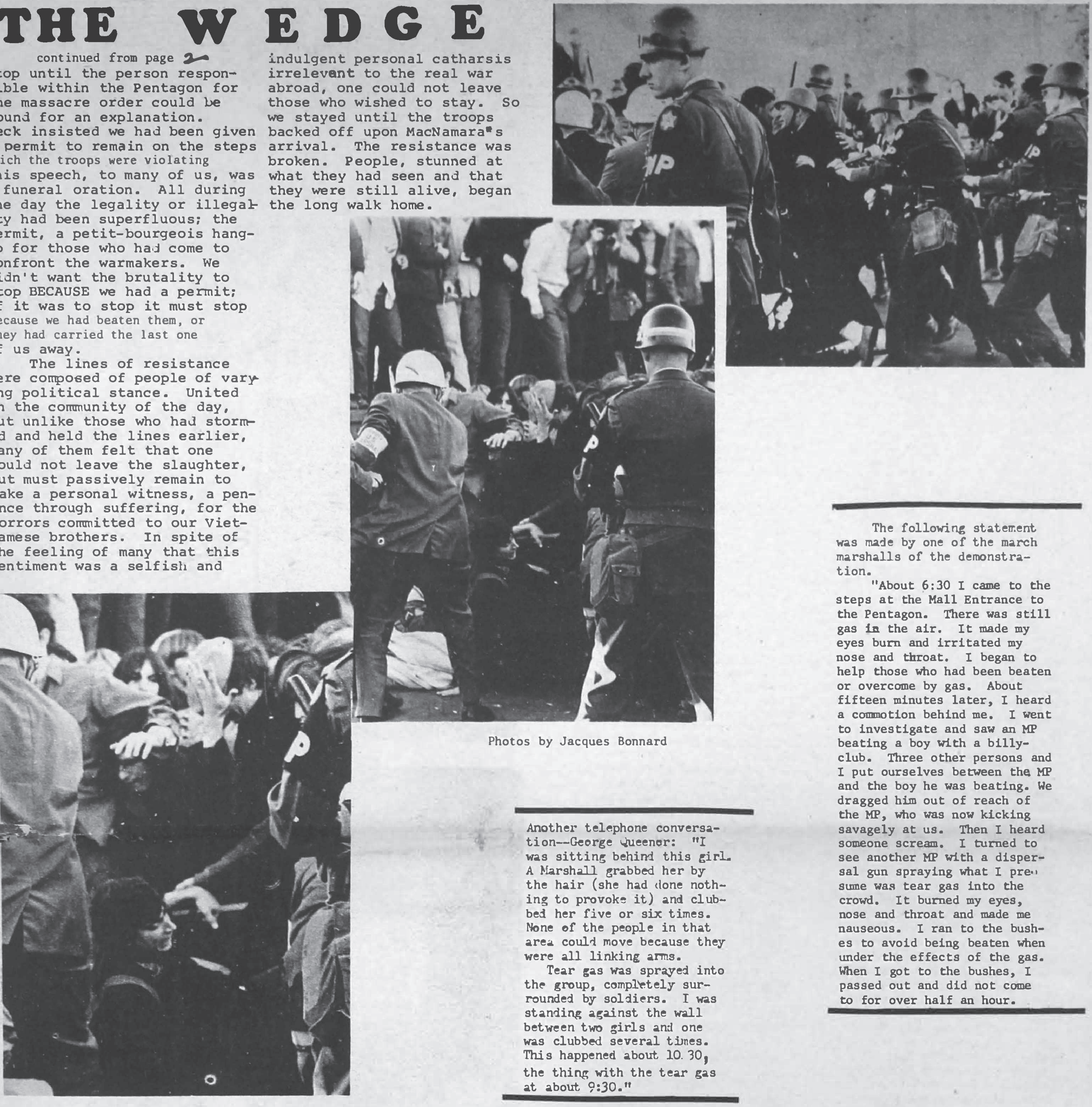
Photos by: 1.) Anonymous
2.) C.B. Kuhn 3.) George De Vincent
4.) Anonymous 5.) Michael Salzberg

THE WEDGE

continued from page 2

stop until the person responsible within the Pentagon for the massacre order could be found for an explanation. Peck insisted we had been given a permit to remain on the steps which the troops were violating This speech, to many of us, was a funeral oration. All during the day the legality or illegality had been superfluous; the permit, a petit-bourgeois hang-up for those who had come to confront the warmakers. We didn't want the brutality to stop BECAUSE we had a permit; if it was to stop it must stop because we had beaten them, or they had carried the last one of us away.

The lines of resistance were composed of people of varying political stance. United in the community of the day, but unlike those who had stormed and held the lines earlier, many of them felt that one could not leave the slaughter, but must passively remain to make a personal witness, a penance through suffering, for the horrors committed to our Vietnamese brothers. In spite of the feeling of many that this sentiment was a selfish and indulgent personal catharsis irrelevant to the real war abroad, one could not leave those who wished to stay. So we stayed until the troops backed off upon MacNamara's arrival. The resistance was broken. People, stunned at what they had seen and that they were still alive, began the long walk home.



Photos by Jacques Bonnard

Another telephone conversation--George Queener: "I was sitting behind this girl. A Marshall grabbed her by the hair (she had done nothing to provoke it) and clubbed her five or six times. None of the people in that area could move because they were all linking arms.

Tear gas was sprayed into the group, completely surrounded by soldiers. I was standing against the wall between two girls and one was clubbed several times. This happened about 10.30, the thing with the tear gas at about 9:30."

The following statement was made by one of the march marshalls of the demonstration.

"About 6:30 I came to the steps at the Mall Entrance to the Pentagon. There was still gas in the air. It made my eyes burn and irritated my nose and throat. I began to help those who had been beaten or overcome by gas. About fifteen minutes later, I heard a commotion behind me. I went to investigate and saw an MP beating a boy with a billy-club. Three other persons and I put ourselves between the MP and the boy he was beating. We dragged him out of reach of the MP, who was now kicking savagely at us. Then I heard someone scream. I turned to see another MP with a dispersal gun spraying what I presume was tear gas into the crowd. It burned my eyes, nose and throat and made me nauseous. I ran to the bushes to avoid being beaten when under the effects of the gas. When I got to the bushes, I passed out and did not come to for over half an hour.

THE MAIN RALLY

For the vast majority of the participants in the demonstration, it was like a sexual act without orgasm.

It is a crucial **fact that** only a small minority participated in the civil disobedience or physically felt the force of the police and military authorities. This was the "orgasm," an experience that undoubtedly contributed to radicalization and growth of the movement.

The demonstration failed, however, to personally involve the majority of the participants in a form substantially different from the nice, "peaceful" gatherings that have characterized protest activities for a decade.

The overwhelming mass of demonstrators were led from the bridge into the North Parking Lot -- a huge expanse of concrete. The so-called rally was brief and uninspired and had fizzled to an end before half of the marchers arrived.

Although the atmosphere was festive and like a football Saturday, the crowd was obviously in a mood to "do something" far beyond the ordinary. But they did not know what to do.

In fact, the element of leadership was clearly lacking. The planned rally ended, but few people were really willing to accept the fact that the big protest was all over.

The loudspeaker could have been used to incite the crowd into some action -- not necessarily an action that involved arrest, but something not so frustratingly passive. The idea of talking to the soldiers, for example, was never impressed upon the crowd, though Dellinger had said something vague about staging a "teach-in."

Very few in the crowd were aware of the fact that thousands of other marchers were assembled in the Mall area, confronting a tight cordon of soldiers. Few were aware of the fact that arrests were being made, and that many more were to come.

As the parking lot filled and the rally ended, thousands wandered to the edge of the lot where a relatively light contingent of soldiers and U.S. marshalls was deployed.

At the edge of the lot, there were a few hesitating attempts to talk to the soldiers, who appeared grim and nervous. Two black militants stabbed verbally at one Negro soldier until he couldn't stand it any longer and he turned his head away in silent anger or shame.

At 5 p.m., even as marchers continued to arrive from the Lincoln Memorial, hordes of people were leaving the North Parking Lot. Some were trudging back across the bridge.

Others climbed wearily into the hundreds of buses that lay waiting, their drivers impatient, their motors already humming. Who ever had the loud speaker was giving the crowd information about bus locations. For many, it was a depressing anticlimax.

Roger Boyd

A COMMUNITY OF SADISTS ALL BY HIMSELF.

WAR GAMES...

(Cont. pg. 3)

police advanced on the teach-in group. The group sat down. The MP's did not try to break through their ranks, instead groups of MP's walked around them and surrounded them from the back and the side, leaveing an opening only to the right access road leading away from the Pentagon. The teach-in continued until the marshals gave orders to the MP's to advance again. This time the MP's were ordered into the crowd. Violence occurred at this point. Leaders of the Mobilization, including Dagmar Wilson, of Womens Strike for Peace and Dave Dellinger, one of the co-ordinators were beaten, kicked and dragged away to the paddy wagons...The teach-in broke up and members of this front drifted off to other fronts.

TEAR GAS AT THE ACCESS ROAD.

(For clarification, the 'acces road' refers to the LEFT acces road.)

This front, led by Eric Mann, an SDS organizer, held the ground between the left access road and the air-conditioning vents which were the most vulnerable access to the Pentagon...This was the point of main confrontation, several thousand holding the front until 6 A.M. Sunday morning. Tear gas was used at this front and continued systematically through the nightand early morning . It was here that the rumor started in the bourgeois press that the resisters had tear gassed themselves. Marc Cooper, a resister, had picked up off the ground a tear gas canister which had been dropped by an MP. He took it in his hand and held it out-stretched to return to an MP, having no use for it himself...The MP grabbed the canister from, and arrested him. Several reporters, among the UPI, & New York Times testified that they saw tear gas thrown by the troops at this point.

At about 6:30 P.M. about 10,000 people who had been at the North Parking Lot rally came to the Access Road, many of them joing in a sit-down along the road...Again they were tear-gassed and brutally beaten.

THE RALLY

About 80% of the demonstrators marched from the Reflecting Pool in Washington along the main parade route, entering the Pentagon legally and holding a rally in the North Parking Lot...As they entered the Pentagon grounds, they were widly cheered by the people above at the plaza front. This was at approximately 5:30P.M. The rally continued for about an hour, then most of the people here boarded the buses which had come from the Reflecting Pool area and returned to their homes. Large numbers, of them, however, did remain to join the other fronts.

TEAR GAS AT THE FOOD AND SUPPLY DEPOT.

At approximately 8 p.m. at the left pier (or the access point to the main steps and plaza) and underneath the scaling walls, a diggers group arose and began to hold collections to bring food and water into the various fronts. At about 9 p.m., the first supplies were rushed to the demonstrators. At this time, paratroop divisions began to block off the pier, preventing access either in or out. The first food supplies were carried through the blockade at 9 p.m. They continued to bring food to the pier throughout the night. Tear gassing occurred here at about 10 p.m. and continued for about two hours.

THE PEACE PIPE.

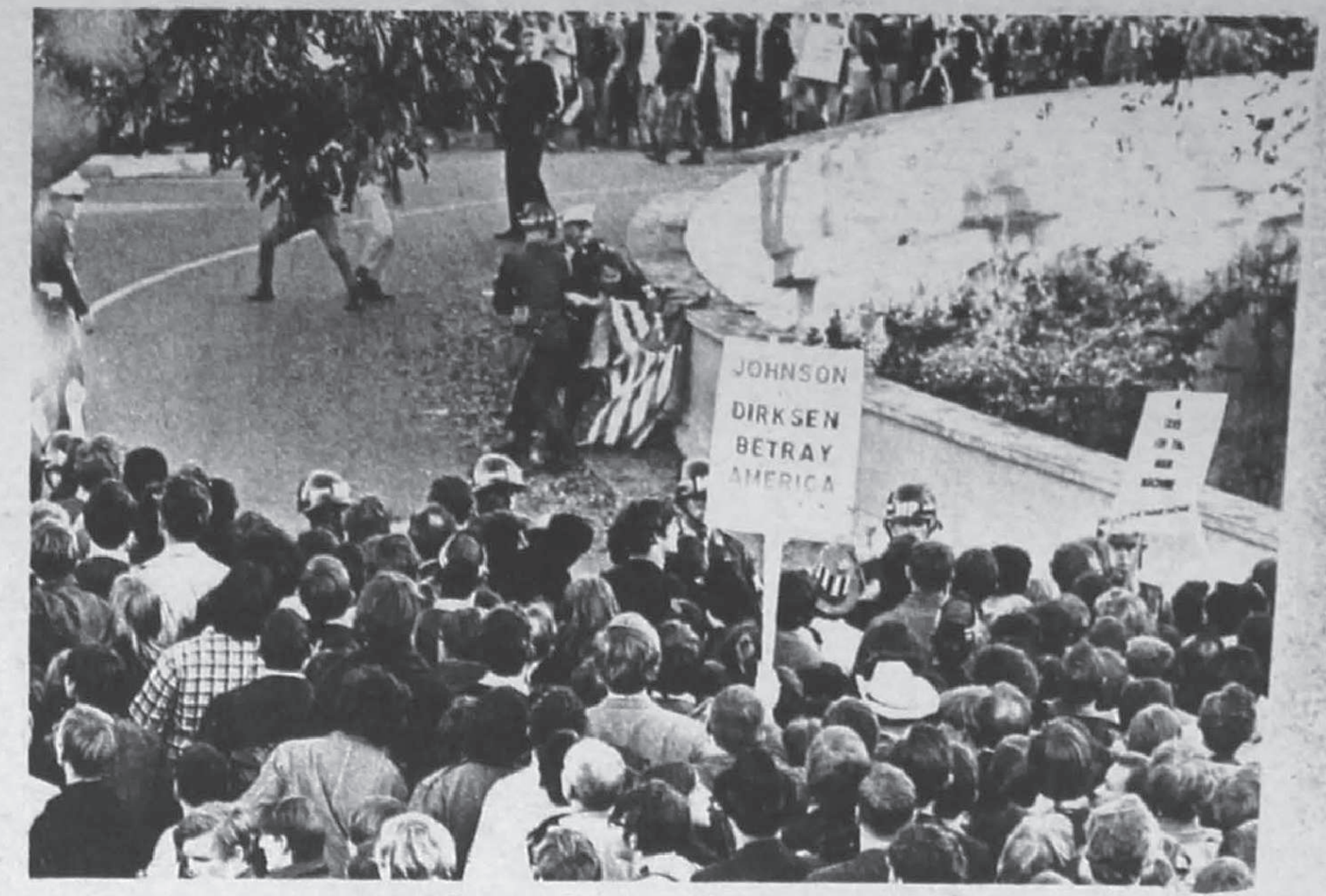
At the center of the steps leading to the plaza, at about 7 p.m. coinciding with the draft card burnings, members of the plaza front lit up, passed around and smoked a hash pipe. This proved as spontaneous as the draft card conflagrations. Marijuana and hashish was brought out everywhere across the plaza and the steps, and later was distributed along with the food, water and tobacco cigarettes.

CAMPFIRES AND THE DRAFT CARD BURNERS.

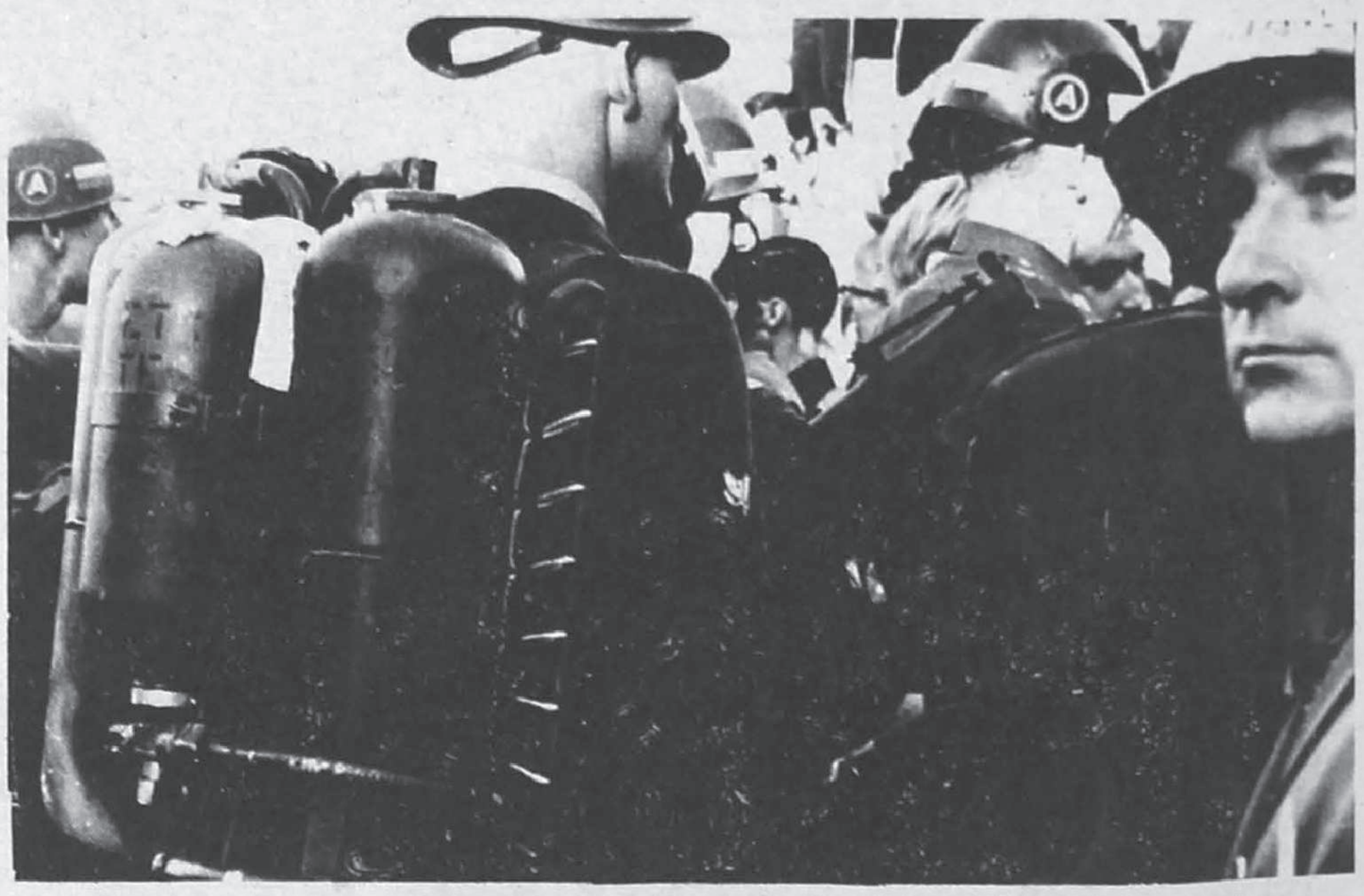
Shortly after the draft card burnings occurred on the plaza front, at about 6:30 p.m., those who could not gain access to the pier gathered at the mall below. As it turned cold, they lit campfires across the mall along the back wall, throwing in draft cards for fuel. Later limbs of Pentagon trees, along with picket sign posts, were added to keep the fires burning. Here, hundreds sat around the fires, planning strategy, resting, eating, and burning draft cards. This group throughout the night painting slogans and various graffiti along the Pentagon walls. The most striking was that just below the pier, where those at the campfire sat around the wall section painted with the SDS slogan, "NOT WITH MY LIFE YOU DON'T." After the Battle of the Wedge on the Plaza Front, some of the camp fires were turned into medical stations, the wounded and bleeding from the wedge battle being brought to the fires' warmth for attention until ambulances arrived.

SUNDAY.

On Sunday morning, the group was reduced to less than 200, of whom about half were committing civil disobedience by sitting down. The MPs at all times pushed against them, trying to reach the steps. From about 10 a.m. to 12 noon, more than 50 were picked off, one by one. There was a flat truck for newspapermen on the left. One woman was pushed so hard against the wheel of the truck that she was forced to leave. At other times the police formed wedges into the lines, which were sometimes only one deep. But, with the arrival of noon, the permit came into force again. The arrests stopped, and at 2 p.m., the reinforcements finally arrived to fill in our gaps. Then, everyone began to wait for midnight to come, when the final confrontation would occur. In the evening, the first teach-in every to be given to U.S. Army troops was held, as we tried to eplain why we were against the draft and the war in Vietnam in terms that the soldiers could understand. And they listened, both to the serious speeches and to the ones in a more humorous vein. (One speaker told how the Pentagon would vanish for 20 seconds at midnight, even if only in the subconscious.) And several times, speakers emphasized their non-violence and their love to the MPs as fellow human beings. At 11:30 p.m., the government stated that at midnight all those remaining would be arrested.

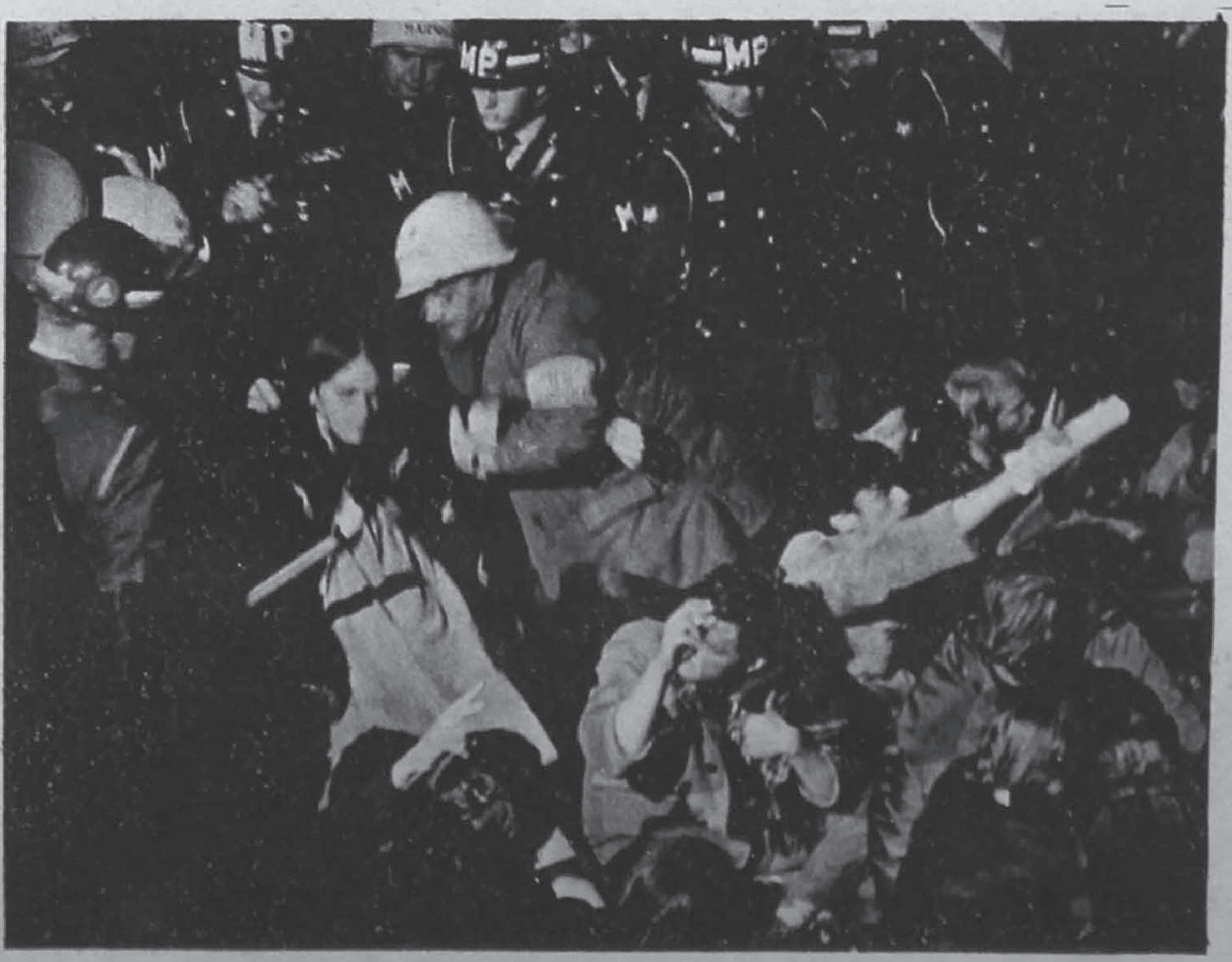


Confrontation at the Access Road C.B. Kuhn



A demonstrator tear-gassing himself Jacques Bonnard

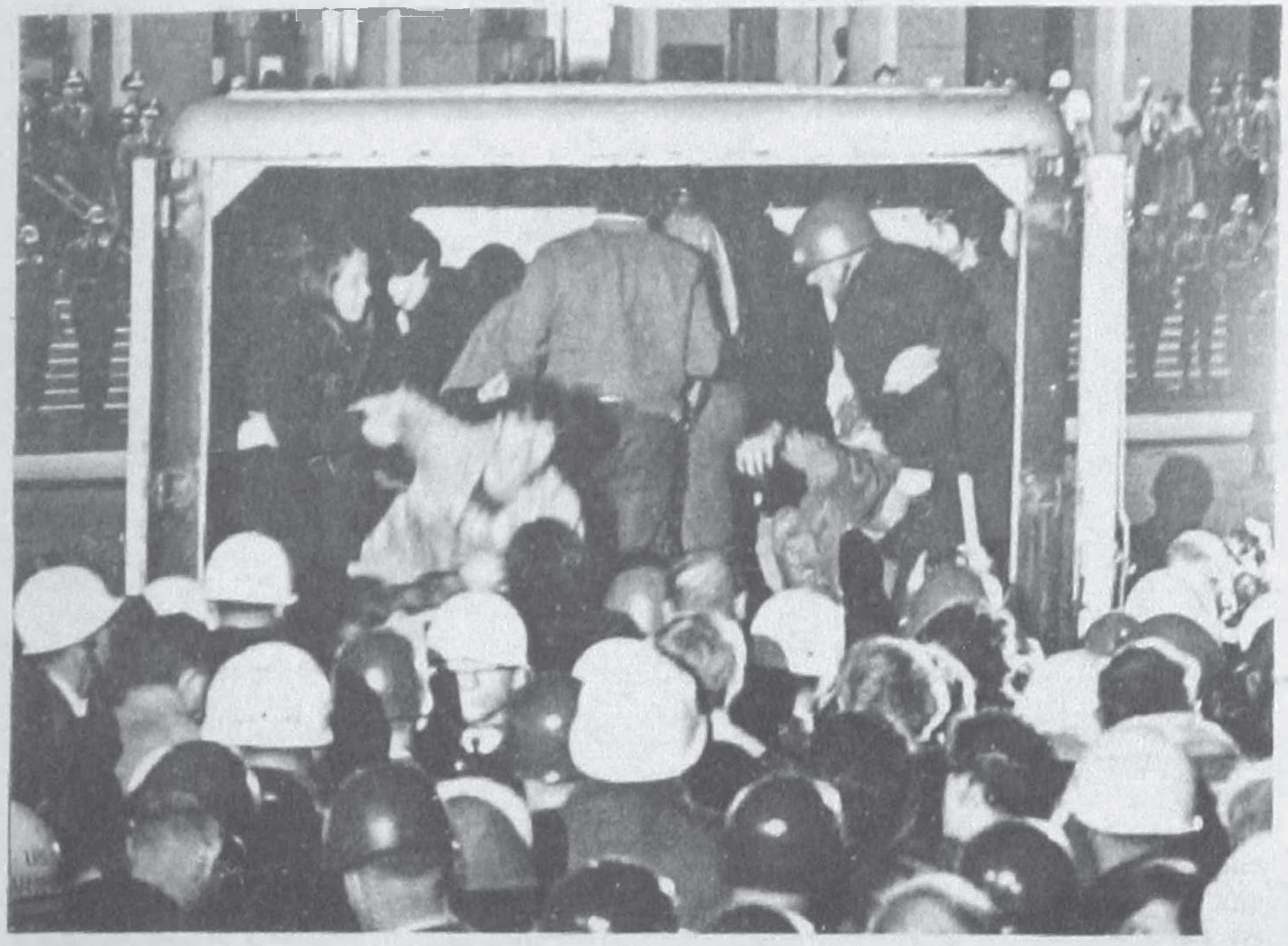
Campfires on the mall, built of draft cards, pickets, Pentagon trees; a new spirit rises.



After the "permit" expires Sunday night...

Jacques Bonard

Paratroopers leaving the Pentagon for their last assault on the people.



Last protestors taken away at midnight.

Report from the Jail

A well-oiled justice machine went into action to procesa those arrested, more than 700 in all. However, many of those arreated report that all was not roses and Hershey bars.

Rob Zanger told how he and two companions arrived in the 150-bed cell at the Occoquan Workhouse. The three men were the last to arrive, and a great cheer went up. The soldiers, however, tossed them into the air and one boy fell on his back on the concrete, ending up with a painful sprain and black-and-blue marks.

Several witnesses told of one boy whose arm was twisted around his back and dragged.

Mark Cooper, 17, of Chicago, said, "There was one guy who was lying on his back, not offering any resistance, when four MP's came and grabbed him by the head and the neck and did their best to rough him up."

Once at the Workhouse, however, things were better. The girls got Wing brand cigarettes; the guys, tobacco pouches. The jailers in the ancient Mexican-style building were varied. Some seemed self-confident; others, scared. By and large they were just doing their job. Others went out of their way to ask some hippies their sex.

The juveniles (under 18) were required to make phone calls to their parents -- at no charge. They also had to suffer irrelevant questions from the judge who tried them, such as "Why don't you live with your parents?"

In general, the processing was quick. For some defendants, it began at the Pentagon proper, with thumb-printing, photographing, and form-filling.

At the makeshift courtrooms in Occuquan, defendants pleaded nolo contendere to charges of disorderly conduct or assault. Fines ranged from $10 to $25, with suspended jail sentences of 5 to 30 days. Total take for government coffers was more than $10,000.

Once the judges were finished, the defendants were carted in prison vans, complete with bara, to Union Station.

An undetermined number of people was injured as a result of the violence perpetrated by those guarding the building.

the vast majority of the injuries resulting from the demonstration came not from the conflict points where lines were crossed and the building stormed. Most of the violence was directed, in fact, against peaceful demonstrators who were simply sitting on the ground.

"They beat the living shit out of the people who just went limp," one witness reported. The Rev. Robert Kinloch, a member of the Harlem Council on Civil Rights who has been jailed 40 times, said it was the worst he's ever seen. "I never thought I'd see white men beat white people -- white women too," he said.

Paratroopers guarding the main Pentagon entrance decided periodically, without warning and without apparent reason, to move into the crowd, Seated demonstrators suddenly were confronted with gun butts and night sticks.

Several times demonstrators were dragged away then picked up and thrown on top of other demonstrators. The soldiers took some demonstrators into custody; but never formally processed them; they were simply removed from the demonstration area and dropped at Union Station.

Of those injured, according to the lawyers committee, about 35 were hospitalized. Most of the patients were treated at Arlington Hospital.

Abigail Grafton, an aide on the lawyers committee, said that most of the injured people suffered lacerated scalps after being struck by night-sticks, gun butts, or just kicked.

There were some cases of broken fingers and bayonet wounds.

By Monday night, according to a Mobilization spokesman, there were no demonstrators left in any hospitals.

GOODMAN ADDRESSES WAR LORDS

To the non-profit, non-political, non-lobbying National Security Industrial Association came another non, a sine qua non, non-chalenge. The yes-no men of the 400 corporations that supply goods and services to the Department of Defences were gathered in Washington to research and develop their way into the seventies. And at 1:25 P.M. on October 19, 1967 the prophet with a pipe, Paul Goodman, stood in seminar before them.

Meanwhile outside the State Department Auditorium, circling with signs, being surveyed and contained by the copious cops of the city, was the Cornell University Action Workshop. A reference to these members of Mr. Goodman's "new aristocracy" began the polemic.

"It seems ridiculous," said Mr. Goodman, "for you to talk about the future of R. and D. and not have one speaker under thirty. They're speaking anyway--in the only way they can."

Method was the scheduled, planned, and desired message. Butthe perservering critic of American moral ambiguity was more concerned about the how, about what kind of people and what auspices were to surround our social engineering into the future.

"You are the military-industrial of the United States, the most dangerous body of men at present in the world, for you are not only implement our disasterous policies but are an overwhelming lobby for them, and you expand and rigidify the wrong use of brains, resources, and labor so that change becomes difficult."

The answer: These men had best phase themselves out and fast.

J'accuse. He confronted them as distorters of a rational economy, who have absorbed for their products without an effective mercantile or legislative check half of all new investment in the past two decades. Moreover they had encroached on Mr. Goodman's own ground, the hopeful role of education in a hopefully free society. This too with contracts and intolerable secrecy they had disrupted.

"Your kind of people," he told them, "do not fit into the community of scholars."

He went onward to urban planning, in which the temptation would be for the man of knowledge to dialogue with the men of resources, the two groping for solutions to dirt and disease within the corporate definition of self-interest. But he had not come to help these men do their jobs better. Instead he raised his black flag and stood under it.

"in a society that is cluttered, overcentralized, and over administered, we should aim at simplification, decentralization, and de-control."

By now the demonstrators, led by Cornell's David Costello, had escalated their action, sitting-in, singing, "Where is Paul Goodman?" Earlier when Goodman had been just beyond the glass doors at the 21st street entrance, the students had beem denied verbal communication with the guest speaker. A note was conveyed via Captain H. N. Price to Mr. Goodman asking why he had not been allowed to join the pickets.

Came Goodman's reply also by note: "I'm not permitted by fuzz." He added in the communique, written on the back

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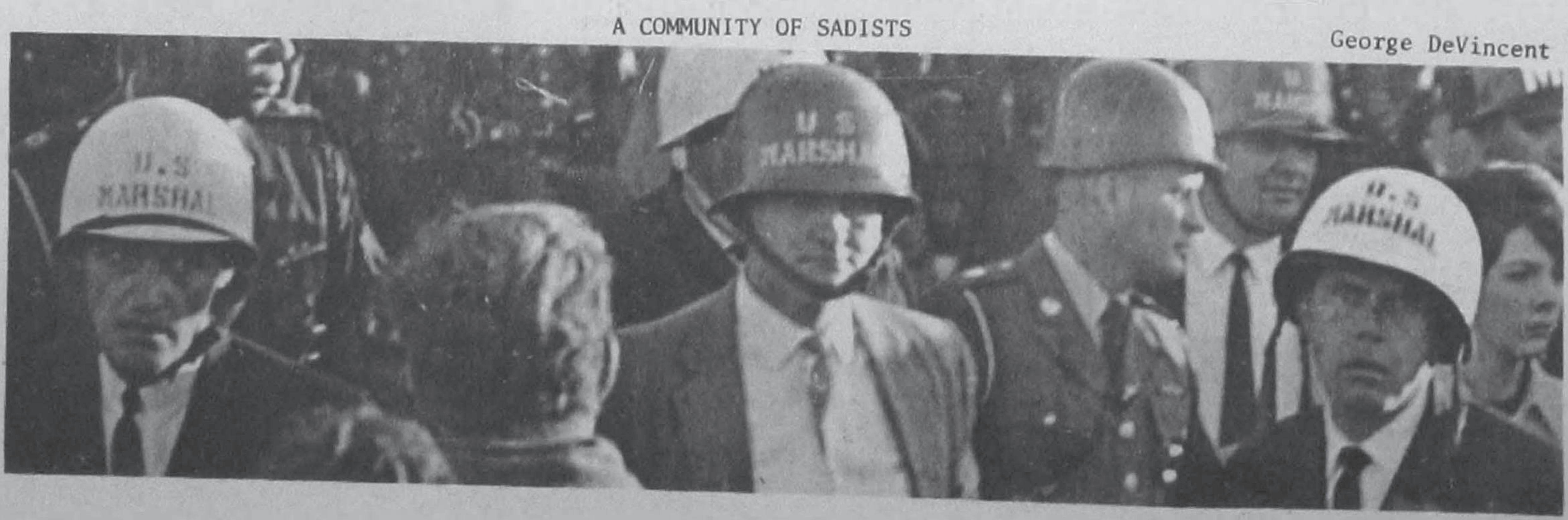
A COMMUNITY OF SADISTS

George DeVincent



THE UNITED STATES ARMY TAKES YOUNG MEN
AND MAKES THEM PART OF THE MOST EFFICIENT
MILITARY MACHINE THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN

George De Vincent

Two G.I.'s Defect at Pentagon

Two, perhaps three, American military men in the line of troops at the Pentagon took off their helmets, lay down their guns, and joined the demonstrators sitting-in on the Pentagon steps Saturday, Oct. 21.

The fate of these men is unknown, since the Pentagon denies their existence.

"There were no defectors. We have no AWOLs. No one is missing," stated a Defense Department press spokesman.

One of the defectors, after responding to the demonstrators' plea to "Join Us! Join Us! Join Us!" was quickly apprehended by MPs and marshalls, was passed through the military line, and disappeared into the sea of helmets. Moments later a paddy wagon was seen driving away.

The Defense Department cannot obliterate a very real event, however, even if every defector was apprehended, and even if the defectors cannot be specifically identified by name, rank and serial number. The recollection of witnesses is too vivid.

A witness to one defection, Denise Oliver of Hollis, N.Y., stated:

"Suddenly one MP put down his gun and leaped into the crowd and was absorbed immediately.

"He was given clothing and a hat to disguise him from the people who were searching for him with floodlights," she added.

"He was completely hidden from view and I don't know what happened to him afterwards," she concluded.

William Adams, of Philadelphia, a Temple University student, confirmed this story.

Rob Zanger, a CCNY student from Long Island, was a witness to a different defection at a different part of the line. This is his story:

"I was sitting in the front line in the center mall. Right next to me was a line of MPs. We heard a shout. I stood up and I saw a cat running towards us from the first line of paratroopers. I saw a helmet and a rifle on the ground.

"Just before he reached us, he was grabbed on his side and back by U.S. marshalls, and from the front, and he was prevented from joining us by MPs."

Zanger, Mike Speigel of the SDS national office in Chicago, Mike Barton, editor of the Boston College Heights, and this reporter were on a raised platform when we witnessed a helmetless soldier being marched to the paddy wagon behind the troop's front line.

This last scene followed immediately upon the announcement by Rick Smith, who used a bullhorn, that there had been two defectors.

A few minutes later, he announced that there was a third, but there are no witnesses yet whose testimony clearly points to a third defector. Liberation News Service is seeking any additional testimonies from any witnesses, especially to determine the number of defectors.

The defections were part of what developed, spontaneously, into a major political thrust of the demonstrators at the Mobilization's "Confrontation With the Warmakers" on Oct. 21. The notion of charging the Pentagon was a fuzzy one. The rationale for many of those who remained to the end of the sit-in was of a "witness" type, a testimonial of American opposition to the war, rather than a political act designed to hamper the war efforts.

The effort of winning the troops is seen as a way of ending the war at its most vulnerable point -- conscripted manpower.

Perhaps the Pentagon brass agreed that the defections were more threatening to them than the "assault" on the building. For it was two hours after the defections were announced that the paratroopers and MPs began thrusting at the demonstrators with swing clubs, gun butts and boots.

From the demonstrators' point of view, the effectiveness of this campaign was made dramatically clear -- beyond all expectations -- by the defections. Upon Smith's announcement, the crowd broke into ecstatic applause and cheering and a thunderous singing of "Join Us, Join Us, Join Us!"

At about 5:00 pm, Oct. 21, I was standing several yards from one of the MP's guarding the rope in front of the wall. For ten minutes I and perhaps ten others directed remarks explaining our participation at one MP, and emphasizing that we bore him no ill will.

Although he indicated no response at first, shortly thereafter he removed his helmet and threw it on the ground. He also discarded his belt, rifle and gas mask, said "Fuck war," and crossed the rope. The MP walked away from the Pentagon and almost immediately was followed and apprehended by several other MP's. He was removed from the area and offered no resistance.

The MP was about 5'8", had brown hair, weighed approximately 150 lbs., was of medium build and lightly complected.

Hervert Roye
202 Downey St.
S. F., Cal.

Community was built in many ways. For instance, pissing. There we were, all crowded together, and no doors saying Men and Ladies. You could go out to a tree, but it was really a hassle to get through the people, especially if you were on the left bank where you had to climb a rope down a wall to get out. One guy who was on that side tells it like this:
I had been there for hours and I really had to piss something fierce. So this other guy says well let's just do it right there pointing to a place where there aren't any people standing. I said ok but when I got there I just couldn't piss--guess I'm just hung-up. So I walked a few feet away and kin of turned my back and began to piss. About this time a couple comes walking by and the guy notices me and says "That's great,that's community, man!"

The Pentagon confrontation served to unify the Movement in America many ways, and one of these wss between the New Left politicos and the hippies. For in the front lines holding off the bayonets from the people behind were many long-haired flower children, who talked to the troops snd faced the gas and carried water and food, and were in for the long haul. And among the SDS contingent, we passed the hash pipe in full view of the troops, the smoke from the dope mingling with the flaming draft csrds. And this form of rebellion was real, was not an internal isolationist reaction, but sn affirmation of our new community, and strength and lack of fear.

A symbol of earlier years arises again in the first victory of the new American Revolution. In the face of bayonets & tear gas, it seems to reaffirm the values of Revolutionary America.

No Longer A Neat Little Game

By Thorne Drever
of the Austin RAG

On October 21, 1967, the white left got its shit together.

The gala Pentagon confrontation, long billed as a move from "protest to resistance," was a dramatic and intense political event. Many had been dubious; few can now deny that a new stage is upon us.

Many feel that the new left has become relevant to the black movement. At a press conference for the establishment media, John Wilson, associate national chairman of SNCC, said: "This demonstration proved one thing to white Americans -- that this government will whip you, too. During this anti-draft week, at Oakland, at Madison, at Brooklyn, at Washington -- Black America has gained a new respect for the white left. There are going to be dramatic changes in the movement."

Certainly the most significant aspect of the confrontation at Washington was the spontaneous way in which the demonstrators began to relate to the soldiers. And the remarkable occurrence of two, possibly three GIs throwing down their weapons and defecting to the side of the demonstrators.

The confrontation itself created a dynamic spirit of community. The actual storming of the Pentagon was something few had really expected. So there was no pre-established structure to deal with the situation; people had to use their heads and work together.

There were two main battle fronts. These were the steps and plaza leading to the main entrance to the Pentagon, and a large area to the west, which we have called the "left flank." Leadership on both fronts was assumed by SDS organizers.

The confrontation went through two distinct phases. The first was a period of strength and vitality. People were on the move. They related to each other in very real ways. There were thousands of people jammed together, maybe scared but certainly exalted.

To the left of the center area, and dividing it from the left flank, was a low wall. Tom Bell, an SDS organizer in Washington, climbed up with sound equipment and began addressing the crowd. A U. S. marshall immediately grabbed him and attempted to push him off. Brother Bell wrestled with the officer. He got a grip on the marshall's billy club and pushed him back. The marshall backed away, surprised by Tom's resistence to his authority. The crowd cheered and the wall was won.

Some of the demonstrators on the front line wanted to force more violent confrontations with the soldiers. It seemed to many of us that this was suicidal and would prove nothing. One is misreading Che Guevara by concluding that a guerrilla fighter confronts a superior military force in positional combat. That just doesn't make sense.

What had happened so far was in many ways aggressive and real -- not the symbolic protest many had feared.

The Pentagon had set up a neat little game for us. We were to be allowed to go to a certain place at which a line would be drawn. If we wanted to be civilly disobedient, we would walk across that line, go limp, and nice cops would drag us off to the "jails" that had been set up nearby. Just like in the south. They were going to let us do our thing and our thing would be the same old liberal bullshit.

We hadn't played it the way it had been set up for us. We were moving and were in a real position of strength. There were battles, advances, new fronts opening on all sides. People on the left flank dropped ropes off a high wall, shouting "We need people up here!" and people just started climbing up. They didn't have any idea what they would face on the other side but they were needed, so they came.

You've got to realize there were thousands of people storming the Pentagon, not just a few hundred "crazies." Those people were into a new thing. And these were, to a great extent, young kids. The majority were under 25. Many were under 20.

Tom Bell talked to people about sitting down . It seemed that this would put us in a stronger position then. Some demonstrators in the front were baiting the GIs and there was a real danger of people being trampled on the steps in case of panic.

But panic never proved a danger. People just didn't lose their heads. They had a real sense of acting as a community.

Soon diggers started bringing in food, and joints were in evidence. A real festival atmosphere was in the air. People laughed and hugged.

And they began to talk to the soldiers.

We began to talk to the troops on the mikes. We said we're on the same side. It's those generals, those officers that make you come out here and stand in the cold and beat on us, when that's not what you really want to do. Look, they're fucking with your lives just like they fuck with ours. It's not you we're against; it's those generals, those guys in that Pentagon who keep making wars.

Look at us. We've got food. Grass -- we'd love to turn you on. We're digging each other. And we're doing something that we believe in. Won't you join us? WON'T YOU JOIN US?

And an amazing magic was created. Everyone chanted "JOIN US! JOIN US!" And they really meant it. That was why it was important. It wasn't just empty rhetoric, as it would become later in the night. We were speaking from a position of power. We knew we had something to offer, something good, and maybe for the first time we realized who the real enemy is.

You know, I think those GIs could feel the sincerity of what was happening. They began to kind of talk among themselves.

Meanwhile numerous campfires had been started. Originally it was just draft cards burning. First one, then a few, and then everywhere, in all directions, hundreds of draft card torches. Dozens of little bonfires were created, all over the Pentagon lawn. Guys ran out of draft cards so they threw on paper and then they took down the rope fences that were supposed to have kept them out and burned the wooden supports, which they obtained by using the ropes to scale walls. As it grew darker and colder, many huddled around the fires, telling stories, talking strategy, singing.

One was excited by the romantic vision of this beautiful revolutionary army, occupying the lawn of the Pentagon.

And the soldiers just had to stand there at attention and watch all this. When the first one defected to our side the reaction was overwhelming. We yelled and cheered and it shook the whole place and people chanted "We Love You" and "We Are All Brothers" -- which I would have thought maudlin shit if it hadn't been that we really felt it.

Marshall Bloom came up to me and said, "Hey, a guy just bummed a cigarette from a soldier. Those guys are really trying." Thompson Bradley, a professor at Swarthmore, was on the left flank. He said some of the soldiers would whisper, "We're sorry," or "We hit you because we were ordered to."

*** ***

The second phase of the demonstration was pretty much a bad scene. And I'm not sure why. For one thing, they kept changing the troops. Whenever we'd start really talking to guys, they'd move them out. Maybe they finally brought in their "crack" troops. Lots of people left. It got dark and cold. But this is most important: there was a tactical vacuum. We were in a box.

Suddenly we were defensive and scared. We sang "We Are Not Afraid." Earlier, we did not have to sing it. There was no communication with the troops now. We chanted "Join Us!" and "We Love You" and it was meaningless rhetoric. People kept bringing more and more food and we gorged ourselves and that food became really obscene. We started bickering and began to sing "We Shall Overcome" and were right back in that liberal bag. There were a few people who were totally committed to getting their scalps torn open, and a few who thought it would be tactically best to leave, and a hell of a lot who were scared shitless, but just didn't know what to do. There were lots of young kids who had really been moved by the spirit of the thing and weren't about to leave if leaving meant a defeat. And at that point I guess it would have.

The cops began to get really brutal, moving into the group in a wedge and smashing heads with billy clubs. These beautiful little hippie chicks had tears streaming down their faces, but they weren't about to move. These kids were really brave. And I began to resent the 'super-militants' who created so much pressure to stay. Because that was nothing but goddam bourgeois politics. At this point we had moved from confrontation right back to symbolic protest.

People have to come to terms with what violence means. It's not something to groove on and cleanse your soul with. Using violence in a situation where you do not have the instruments of violence, or at least an equal strategic position, is insane. It is poor guerrilla strategy and it is likely to get you killed.

Earlier in the afternoon we were in a good strategic situation. We took them by surprise we had massive numbers, we were confident. It is quite possible that, after we had gained all we were going to, we should have had a massive victory march out of that place. Sure, this is second guessing. I didn't figure it that way then, and I'm not sure now that it would have been better. But I do feel very strongly that we took two steps forward and one step back.

Before I finish this, I think I should say something about the left flank, simply because it didn't follow exactly the same pattern. I wasn't ever there at all but I talked to Eric Mann, an SDS community organizer from Newark, who apparently assumed the major leadership role on that side. He said they also went through two phases, and that things became static and they reverted to old, symbolic tactics.

But he said the people on his side pretty well understood what was happening and that most of them didn't want to be arrested. "These people transcended civil disobedience," Mann said. "Who the fuck wants to go to jail? There's nothing politically serious about going to jail." But they managed to escape the dissension and fear that came to the other side. They got the people involved in what was happening, and they tried to get real po-

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WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE?

VICTORY or DEFEAT?

By Cathy Wilkerson

No one who marched to the Pentagon on Saturday and stayed to occupy the positions taken by the Movement will forget those hours- - ever. The political-human content of that confrontation and siege differed among the thousands there. Differed because of the range of mind-sets, and varying experiences during those hours.

Overriding differences was a pervasive consciousness that we, the Movement, were learning more from these events than ever before, and that united us. As we sat or stood on the platforms at the Pentagon, or in the mall, we knew we were discovering things about ourselves as the Left in America, and about the system we were confronting. Out of that awareness came the desire to struggle for survival, and the vision of a struggle for real gains in the future.

Out of our new awarness of ourselves we found that we were not united in our political consciouness, nor did we have the necessary tactical skills.

The tactical situation had not been anticipated in advance nor planned. The permit which allowed the Mobilization the performance of CD at the Pentagon was not to be started until one hour after the parking lot rally had begun. The urgency of those in the march and their consciouness of the absurdities of the permit united them in their immediate push through the fence and up to the Pentagon.

On the West platform, hundreds of people had rushed the MP's soon after the neutral portion of the Pentagon had been occupied by the front line of marchers. They had in common the experience of confrontation and conquest. In the center, a small group had charged up and established a line of confrontation with the MP's. About a thousand marchers surged up to pack the steps and reinforce that line. The center group had the feeling of holding occupied territory. At one time they were identifying themselves as "Defenders of the Liberated Zone". The lower platform was full also. Many were waiting to reinforce the upper level if it became necessary.

While the center position was being occupied and reinforced, there was tremendous tension. We were highly conscious of the possibility of the military using gas, clubs, and M-14 rifle butts to beat us back down the steps. Awareness of the potential of the military and our defenslessness in the face of their hardware was a critical aspect of the common fear throughout the evening and night.

The response to the threat of military force was political because they stayed there to prove their seriousness and their power. Peace movement veterans by the thousands were fed-up with the Establishment tactics of containment and co-optation. Tactics, which to this point, had succeeded in taking the seriousness out of the movement. The Movement realized that they, in fact, had to take themselves and the movement seriously. They had to challenge the legitimacy of the response of the Establishment if they were to have any self-respect. Our politics, through our acts demanded a serious answer.

That Saturday night we found out the content of a serious response from the Establishment. The lesson was painful both in and outside of our heads. We needed that lesson to understand how and where to proceed from there.

THE SUCCESS OF THE PENTAGON SIEGE LAY FUNDAMENTALLY IN OUR DETERMINATION TO FINALLY DEMAND A SERIOUS RESPONSE FROM THE POWER STRUCTURE IN AMERICA AND OUR ABILITY TO WITHSTAND THAT RESPONSE, LEARN FROM IT AND STRENGTHEN OURSELVES TO PROCEED FURTHER.

We learned of our strength and our weakness. We were unable to make the transition from political battlegrounds of debate to the real physical battleground of confrontation.

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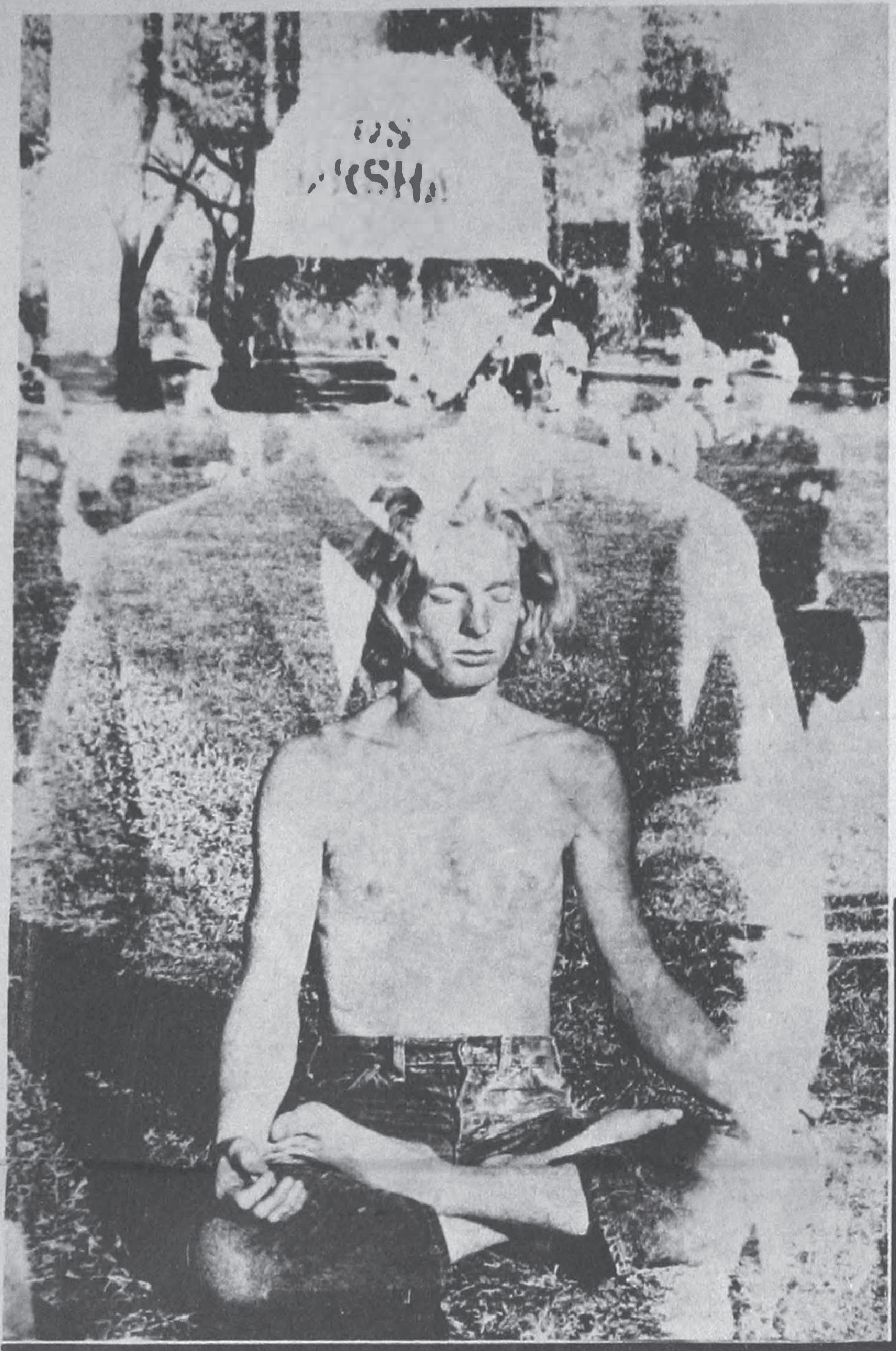
THE EXORCISM



October 21, 1967, Washington D.C., U.S.A., Planet Barth

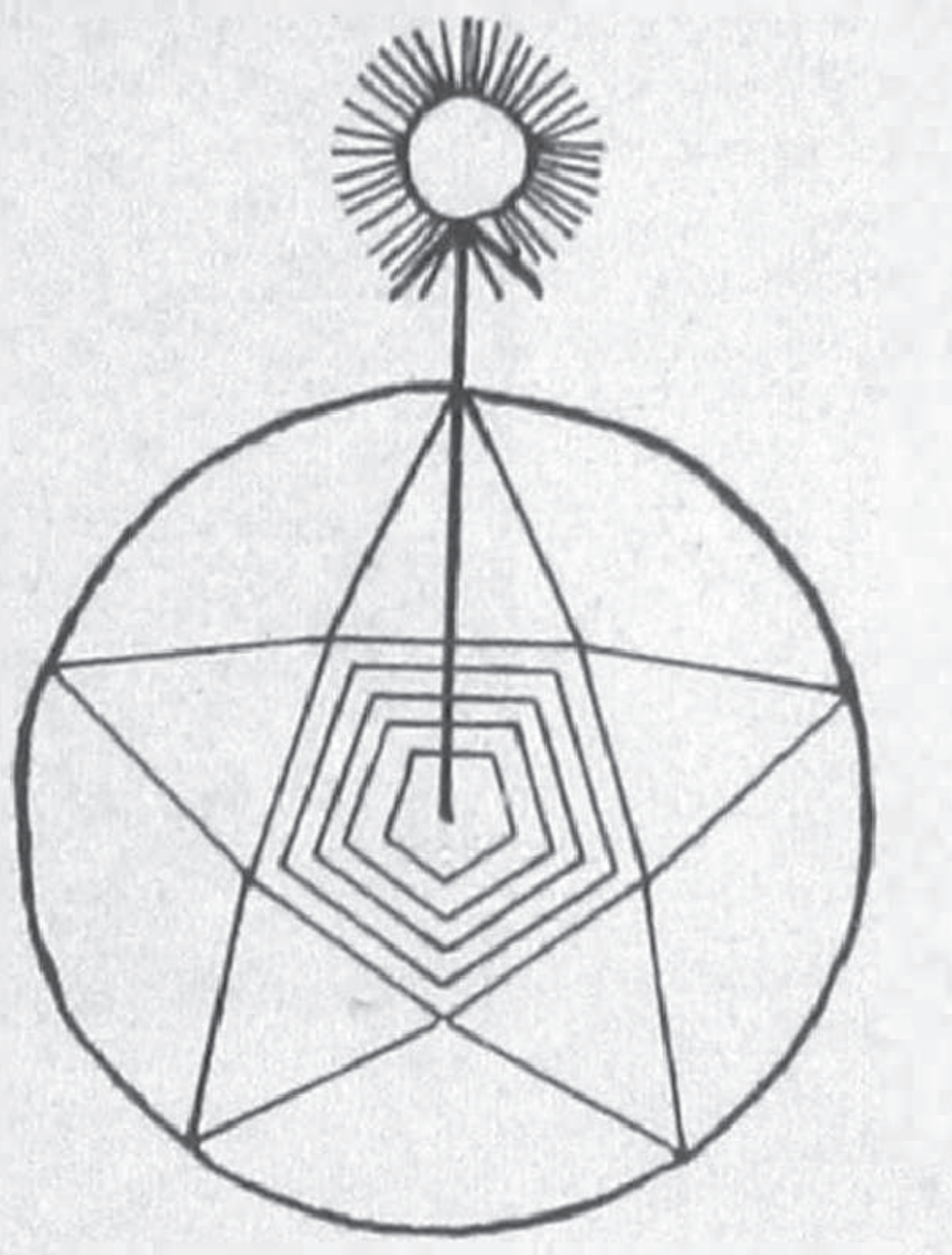
We Freemen, of all colors of the spectrum, in the name of God, Ra, Jehovah, Anubis, Osiris, Tlaloc, Quetzalcoatl, Thoth, Ptah, Allah, Krishna, Chango, Chimuke, Chukwu, Olisa-Bulu-Uwa, Imales, Orisasu, Odudua, Kali, Shiva-Shakra, Great Spirit, Dionyeus, Yaweh, Thor, Bacchus, Isis, Jesus Christ, Maitreya, Buddha, Rama do exorcise and cast out the EVIL which has walled and captured the pentacle of power and perverted its use to the need of the total machine and its child the hydrogen bomb and has suffered the people of the planet earth, the American people and creatures of the mountains, woods, streams, and oceans grievous mental and physical torture and the constant torment of the imminent threat of utter destruction.

We are demanding that the pentacle of power once again be used to serve the interests of GOD manifest in the world as man. We are embarking on a motion which is millenial in scope. Let this day, October 21, 1967, mark the beginning of suprapolitics.

By the act of reading this paper you are engaged in the Holy Ritual of Exorcism. To further participate focus your thought on the casting out of evil through the grace of GOD which is all (ours)
A billion stars in a billion galaxies of space and time is the form of your power, and limitless is your name.

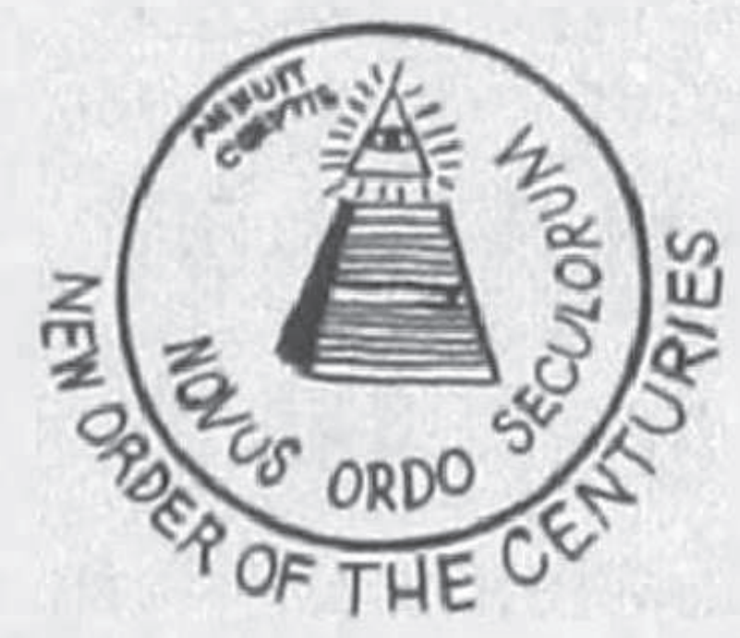
American Indian Chant:
HINISWA'-VITAKINI
"We shall live again"

OM RAKSHA RAKSHA
HUM HUM HUM
PHAT SVAHA



OUT DEMONS OUT
BACK TO DARKNESS
YE SERVANTS OF SATAN
OUT DEMONS OUT

Out Demons Out
Out Demons Out
Out Demons Out
Out Demons Out
Out Demons Out



MORE THAN A GAME

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litical discussion going over the bullhorn. They discussed the tactics of the troops and how to deal with them. According to Eric, there wasn't as much really positive relating to the soldiers, but on the other hand, there was very little baiting. "We just made our grievances clear. We did not bother the troops if they didn't bother us. Whenever someone in the back threw something into the line of troops, we would talk to him about the fact that he was taking risks for the people in front."

*** ***

Now I don't want to give you wrong ideas about what happened. Soldiers beat people. Brutally. Much, probably most, of the beating came from Federal marshalls, but GIs did a lot, too. And it certainly wasn't all love and flowers from our side. There were people who baited the soldiers, threw objects at them. But there are two reasons I emphasize the other so much. First, it was such an overwhelming spirit, such a moving thing. Second, it reflected the real changes that are going on in the movement. People are getting less defensive about where they're at. They feel they have something really important to offer, probably the only thing of value this society has to offer. And there is a growing realization that the movement must speak for America, not against it. That it's those fuckers in the Pentagon, and those social institutions that enslave us, that we must fight. And we have to see those soldiers as brothers who are being victimized. That doesn't mean we lie down and get clubbed and bayonetted moaning "I Love You." Maybe it means we don't create these kinds of confrontations yet. Maybe it means we move into the communities and start talking to people as people. Maybe it means we start creating real draft resistance unions in communities -- not social service organizations that help middle class kids figure out how to get bigger and better deferments. Maybe it means we finally have the makings for a second American revolution -- but unless we're just playing out our guilt with a lemming-like desire to purge our souls of our country's sins by getting our guts shot out, we had better stop this moral witness crap and get down to the business of making the revolution.

COMMUNITY OF SADISTS CONT.

George DeVincent

VICTORY?

Continued from Page 9

On the scene, debate over tactics was essential, especially given our inexperience. For that debate to have results, it should have been among those who were united for a common goal. Sectarianism, negativism and defensiveness which have characterized too many Movement discussions dominated. These on the scene debates proved to be divisive. Tactical ideas for the situation were not produced. Political stances and old rationales came acridly to the fore. We can not blame the debators when we realized the lack of experience with real confrontatoins. Lacking also, were the skills necessary to maintain the unity we needed.

The center platform made a discovery about how to organize and maintain an internal communications syatem. That system succeeded in taking care of needs such as food, water, and blankets. It did not perform politically to provide support and leadership. We had not chosen the battleground nor the layout of the confrontation, and so we were divided politically and scattered physically. To remain cohesive politically-even given the difference among our troops we needed more discussion and communication amongst the different parts of our ranks.

In the center many left with confused impressions after the situation had stabilized about 3:30. We had created an historical experience, but the kernals of meaning were not clear. Rampant military violence against unarmed Americans was a shaking experience. We were angry and confused about the very exsistence of the situation and our impotence. We were also unclear about how we felt about our own reactions. The political meaning of the confrontation was fogged over at that time.

The West platform was different. That group was able to make a decision to leave the area because they had enough of a common perception of their action to agree.

Out of this experience we must begin to act now on the lessons, we learned. In that way the meaning of the Pentagon siege and confrontation will be most clearly understood.

GOODMAN

Continued from Page 6

of the workshop's leaflet that the group from New York schools had made their point very strongly. "I kept referring to you and some have been very nervous."

Amidst the overwhelming hostile audience reaction and the frequent interruptions of Mr. Goodman's speech by the chairman, Charles M. Herzfeld of I.T.T., one of optimism filtered through. Some thirty of the assembled elite came forward to Goodman and shared with him their sympathy with the demonstrators. They talked of sons at Ohio State and daughters at Cal who were similarily involved.

Here was the war sans the mongering, evil grown into routine. Said Goodman later of them, "I never saw a group with more power and more complacency." These were good guys, partners in preparedness" as they call their governmental alliance, not flagrant devils. To these executives of subtle sanguinariness, from General Motors to General Foods, from R.C.A. to Sperry Road, from Otis Elevator to Time-Life's General Learning, from the planes of Lockheed to the vending machines of Servco, he concluded, "Your weapons have killed hundreds of thousands in Vietnam, and will kill other hundreds of thousands in other Viet Nams."

All is peaceful at the Reflecting Pool....

ZANY NOTABLES

Ray Mungo, LIBERATION News Service

In the good old days, before the taxation of the English language with nuances and oxymorons, they used to call a funny scene "zany"-- hence funny people in the movies always went by names like Zazu and Harpo, etc. The Dadaists made funny and crazy the materialism of the twenties, and Erik Satie wrote funny little pieces of music: crazy people like Luis Bunuel began making zany films touching on the perversion of modern existence (e.g., thirteen robbers glutting themselves on greasy foods and on a small nun in the Last Supper pose); and Joseph Heller wrote crazy things about World War II in Catch-22. Today, Phil Ochs is matching "absurdist music with absurdist politics," as he said at the Lincoln Memorial on Oct. 21, and the Fugs exhort us to kill for peace!; the hippies wanted to exorcise the Pentagon; Jean-Luc Godard has killed off the young boy of The Four Hundred Blows, now 21 and desperately in need of a lay, in his newest movie Masculin-Feminin; in Saigon, American GI's get live piped-in disc jockeys from New York; in New York, people throw money off the stock exchange balcony to show how much they don't need that security; they're fucking the army all over Europe and still staging opera in Hanoi.

Of course, a necessary element of all zaniness in history has been tragedy, for it is woe that necessitates joyful relief: in the case of the Marx brothers, the underwritten tragedy and ugliness was simply that they were always being chased and clobbered (The Three Stooges overdid this last part a bit) and were perpetually without meaning; with the war in Viet nam, we laugh at what an asshole Lyndon Johnson is so we won't have to weep at the bloody dead and wounded. Such a zany scene was the National Mobilization's weekend in Washington, and the arrest of its leaders.

I walked with Dave Dellinger, Dagmar Wilson, Robert Lowell, Dwight McDonald, Benjamin Spock, Noam Chomsky, Barbara Deming, and other celebrities as part of a nonviolent probing force making its stealthful way around the Pentagon, and participated in in an arrest and imprisonment scene that was as funny as it was serious, as zany as it was bloody, as unreal as it was cold, actual, and hurtful. It all happened in the relative privacy of the Pentagon south entrance, forbidden grounds, while thousands of other demonstrators were assaulting the main doors and the press busily recording beards and bangles.

We stood our ground before the youngest soldiers history could ever have called to the task of slaughter, nonviolent to the last as is our faith, and talked into a small loudspeaker about the war. A nameless black sergeant gave them the order and they advanced, but gently, until they had squeezed their way around us and we were facing an undefended south entrance on one side and the backs of retreating GI's on the other. A couple of minutes passed while Dellinger regrouped the fallen to puzzle out this unlikely state of affairs, and we began marching again.

As we got closer to the Pentagon, however, more soldiers appeared out of nowhere, and we were talking into the loudspeaker again, this time Dr. Spock telling the story of the soldier who wrote him condemning the war -- and to whom Dr. Spock wrote back, only to have his letter returned "Verified Deceased". The black sergeant reappeared with the order, "Push 'em out, now," and suddenly we were on the ground being kicked into a growling mound of human bodies. Even so, most of the GI's weren't kicking with too much ferocity and we kept talking, Dr. Spock still into his microphone. The soldiers thought well of us, I believe, but they didn't stop the blows and the kicks, and I was struck with the realization that it isn't what you think anyway that counts; it's what you do. Moments later, federal marshalls got into the act because the soldiers weren't being brutal enough, and dragged off little Dagmar Wilson, all fiftyish and bristling with resistance, on the pavement. I felt an irresistible force pulling my right leg out of its socket, a billy club over my head, and two bodies wrenching my left arm so far behind my head that I let out what must have been a blood-curdling shout. Seconds before I also lost my glasses, I turned to see Dellinger and Lowell, Chomsky and McDonald, hunched up under the flailing arms of the marshalls, and Spock, getting repeatedly

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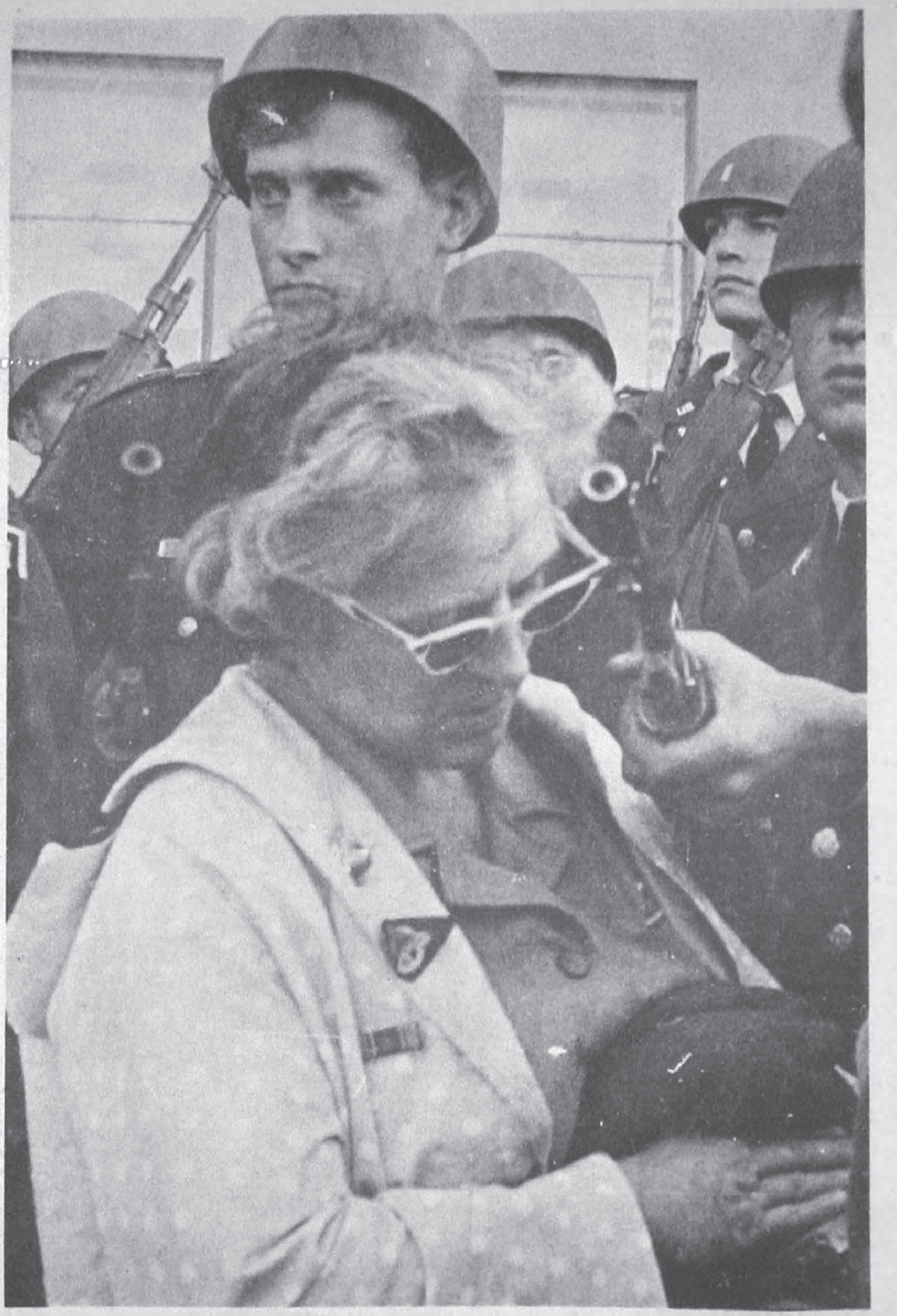


But Not only the young were Subject to Harassment at the Pentagon

George De Vincent

e.g. Mailer

By Ellis Pines

Until the evening of October 19, 1967, Norman Mailer had never been an M.C. He had fugged his way through the yellow peril of the forties and had hardened himself against the ever lessening likelihood that he would ever be Cheif Executive of these United States. But Master of Ceremonies, the Leslie Hope-Bert Parkes-Ed Solomon scene, he had to make.

And then with the floor and ceiling of the Ambassador, full of zodiac and paisley, he saw, divided and conquistadored.

Paul Goodman was there poetizing and politicizing, while Mailer cup in hand, hustled the collective consciousness of the audience. He tactfully delived an ultimatum to the host. Mailer would assume the role of M.C. or he would beat the shit out of him.

The mike brushed aside, he began h. rapping. "The reason I have no respect for the man in the White House is because he talks like me." He apologized for being late: "I had to take a leak and there were no lights in the balcony."

"If I had a black face, you"d laugh," he continued.

The other Artists of Conscience, who were to share the occasion with him, got itchy. It was Dwight "The Man Who Hates Movies" MacDonald's turn. "Just let's get on with it," said that once and future leftist.

Mailer, a revolutionary conservative, replied, "In the absence of a definitive vote, the man who holds the power keeps it." MacDonald, with whom Mailer had never agreed on a"single phrase", read some Viet facts and admitted that although he was an anti-communist, he wasn't as much an anti-communist as he used to be.

Then Mailer introduced the promethean, professorial Robert Lowell. "Poets are rarely from the middle class. They are from the top of the bottom. Here's one from the top."

Knees bent and voice inaudible, Lowell said that this was a "very zany evening, where everything is different." In a cheerier vein he added that "we all may be worked into jelly."

When Mailer had resumed control, he explained that the left was very boring. "I'm not here because I like you. It's because I detest that war in Vietnam. It was engineered by a pissing phony, who is my alter ego. I'm the dwarf alter ego of LBJ."

"I'm as full of shit as he is."

"You're a freak," came a voice from the audience.

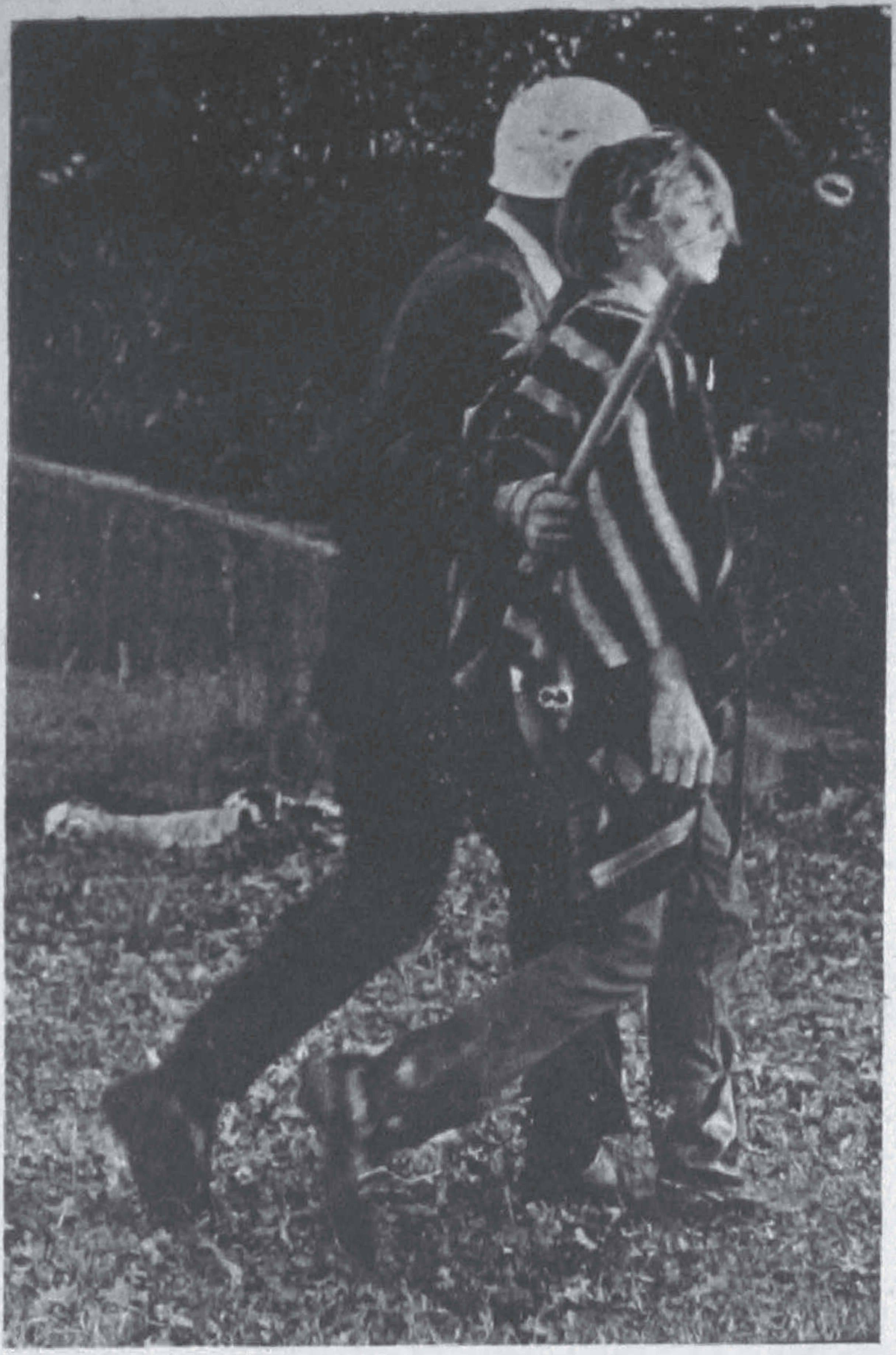
"Fuck you," said Mailer.

Mailer asked that the reporters stand. This one alone did so.

"Get up here," said the Burtonesque author.

"I'm with the Washington Free Press," I said.

"I want Time, and the Washington Post, and the Evening Star!" The reporters didn't stand. "They're the silent assassins of the republic."



photos:
left --Algis
right: Jacques Bonnard

URGENT: Above is a photo of Scott Pittman, 809 Leonard, Austin, Texas just after he was attacked, clubbed, and bayonetted. The guy who fell on top of him during that and went with him in the paddy wagon should contact him IMMEDIATELY, as well as other witnesses or people with photos. IMMEDIATELY.

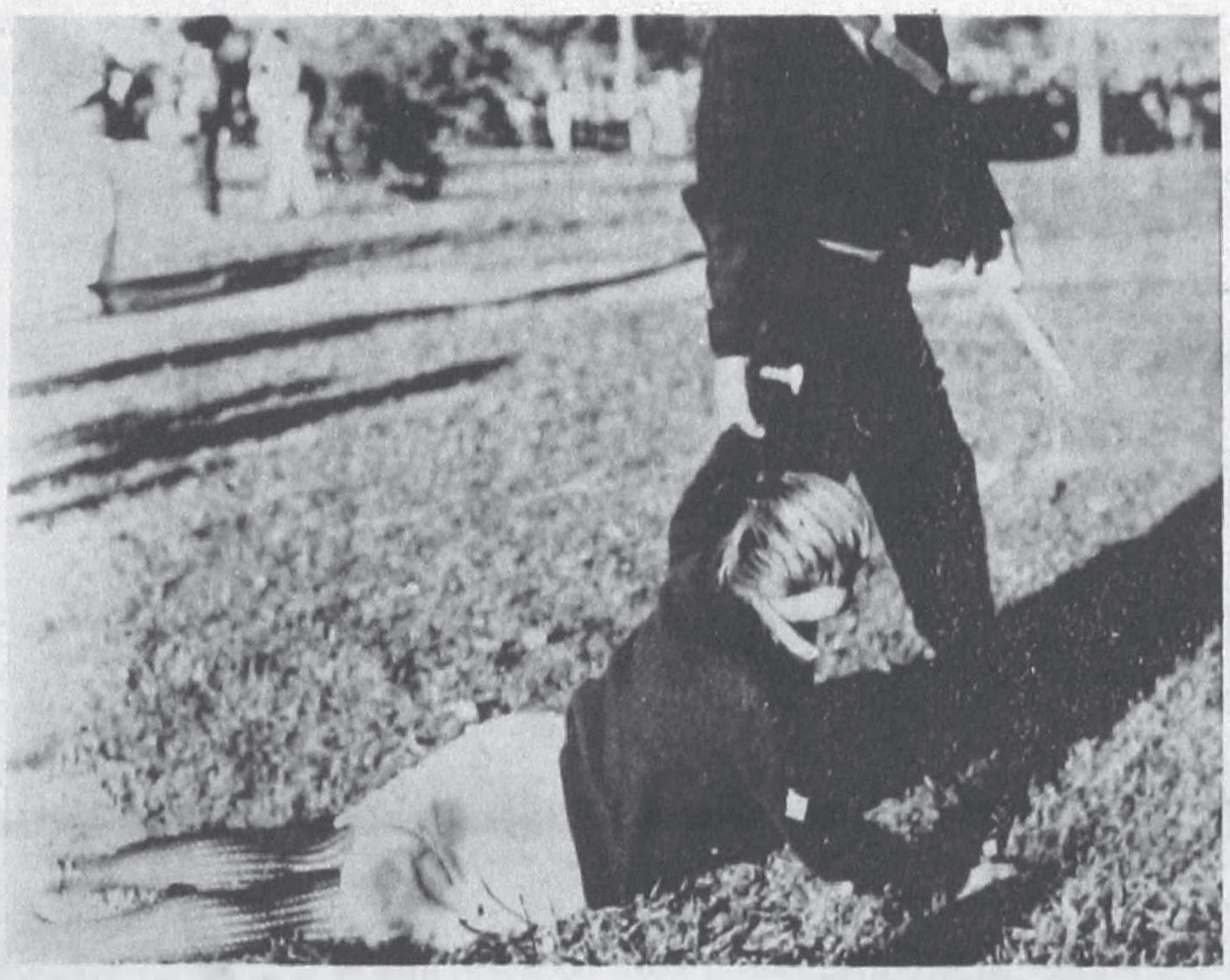
A few were able to walk away

But most were not so fortunate...

MP Witness

(The following comments are from an exclusive interview made by one of the Army regulars who was on duty at the Pentagon during the demonstration Saturday and Sunday. Feeling that the Washington Post was bound to give a biased account of the weekend's events, he relayed his feelings to the LIBERATION News Service. They are offered herewith verbatim and without comment.)

". . . We were directed not to use tear gas. Anyone using tear gas unless they were told to do so would be courtmartialed. Also no one was to use any violence whatsoever. This is a court martial offense too."



"The fellow didn't do anything. He was standing there slowly backing up. He wasn't saying anything violent, nothing. . . . The sergeant came by and I got to talking with him and I said what about you. You grabbed that fellow and started beating him up. So what did you do that for? He said, 'Oh, I just didn't like his looks.' He said that I wouldn't understand since I hadn't been to Vietnam."

"At any rate about 40% of the service is in favor of your demonstration and your cause. I know that if I would have had off last weekend, there's a whole carload of people that would have gone with me to your demonstration."

"I'd been nauseated by the way the soldiers had been acting. So many of them were out there and if anybody walked by close enough for them to hit them with their rifle without some higher authority seeing them, they would."

"The MP's started a wedge. I think it was the major who ordered the wedge to be started. This is a court martial offense for the major as well as the men."

"No one was causing any ruckus or trouble at all, and the marshals just reached in and grabbed people and threw them in the paddy wagon. . . . The marshals got away with it because they knew they were dealing with people who were helpless in themselves insofar as the courts go."

"I didn't talk to one person on the top of the Pentagon who wasn't on your (the demonstrators)side."

"My bunkmate said that he found an empty cylinder this morning of CS gas, which wasn't tear gas. It was used mostly instead of tear gas. It's more stinging, more nauseating."

"You know they brought regular Sherman tanks with tracks on them. . . . You didn't even know if the rifles were loaded. They weren't loaded. You can always tell if they're loaded because they'll have a square metal thing sticking out of the bottom. The 45's were loaded, but they were on the hip. We all carried baseball grenades with tear gas, the kind that can explode above the crowd. I never saw the tear gas used. But I could smell and feel and taste it."

zany

continued from page 11

kicked in the side, still talking.

In the darkened van where we sat, unlikely paradoxes continued, and the true black comedy of our "confrontation" with sympathetic soldiers in the shadow of a monstrous valley of death became clearer. A cop politely cajoled a young girl to come along peacefully before hauling her body from the van to the arrest booth across fifty feet of lacerating, pebbled concrete. When I refused to speak, the astonished arresting marshall sputtered, "But WE don't have anything to do with the war you know!" The black guard in our caged bus patiently explained at great lengths to a bruised com rade that he would take excellent care of the latter's camera.

It was 6 pm when our jailbus roared out of the Pentagon, one of the first, and bright daylight. At 7:15 pm, when it unloaded at Occoquan Workhouse (Lorton Prison), I first realized it was dark. From the back of the bus, in a separate cage, a prisoner played "My country 'tis of thee/Sweet land of liberty" on a wailing harmonica.

The prison has its own simpering chaplain, straight out of the movies; he implored a guard to let him ask me one question, which turned out to be "Are you... all right?" When I said no, he promised me a doctor (who never came) and went off sniffing, feeling like a Christian-for-a-day. I had to laugh. In the cell itself, we were treated to free tobacco, ham sandwiches and hot coffee, sheets and towels, and (in my case) a swift, hard, and utterly unprovoked kick in the ass (which, luckily, was ill-aimed and vent its fury on my left buttock alone).

Infuriated, I turned on the cop who kicked me and hissed "you fucking fascist!" Another prisoner replied "That was a gratuitous and unhelpful remark." A third, from San Francisco, began a chant of Hari Krishna. Spilled blood and American honor at stake, the war machine disrupted, and laughs aplenty during the Freak Night at the Workhouse.

Inside the cell again, Dave Dellinger is cool and cheerful as he sips his coffee; Rev. Ashton Jones, 69 and proud to be there, tells old prison jokes; Noam Chomsky is neat and academic, worried about getting back to M.I.T. for a Monday morning symposium; the poet Tuli Kupferberg is wonderful just to look at; Norman Mailer is unusually quiet and struts from one end of the cell to the other, his hands in his pockets; Walter Teague of the Committee to Aid the NLF has drawn up a statement accusing the Mobilization of disorganization and duplicity, which some sign while others bitterly argue that the opinion, intended for publication in The National Guardian, will be exploited by the capitalist press; Richard Gale of The Catholic Worker is on a smiling hunger strike; Mike Rothberger of the Bronx is considering telling the whole story to his junior-high school students; an Indian named Michael Grillo from somewhere-in-New-Jersey solemnly accepts five days in jail rather than sign a promise that he won't return to the Pentagon when released; and I'm thinking how incredibly mind-blowing it is to be with all these wildly different people who care what it's like to be North Vietnamese and get your skin seared off by fire from the sky.

Nobody was charged until Sunday, so we didn't know how long we'd stay; consequently, there was a big rush on the library--which consisted mainly of dog-eared paperbacks such as Betty Cavanna's Accent on April ("charming Kathy McCall comes through a hectic year with flying colors"), F. A. Forbes' Saint John Bosco: The Friend of Youth ("when asked about the secret of his success with boys, he simply answered 'love...'") and Ann Hure's The Two Nuns--A Brilliant Novel of the Spirit, The Flesh, and Mother Church ("includes many of the elements that made A NUN'S STORY so controversial"--Best Sellers).

Some news of the protest filtered in with new prisoners and by far the most exciting was a report that three soldiers had dropped their arms to join the resisters. It came back in a rush: it's not what you think anyway that counts; it's what you do. At the next day's rapid 'trials', some people insisted on pleading not guilty', and were largely rewarded by being returned to their cells; those who gave in to expediency and tolerance, like me, pleaded nolo contendere and got off with the punishment of having to pay $25 to the murderous government of out time. "Speeches" (i.e., expressions of sentiment), we were told, would not be tolerated in the "courtroom", and Norman Mailer's insistence won him a guarantee of five days' sentence.

The trouble was that Mailer's speech all had something to do with his wife's being a Catholic and how much he loved her anyway. Zany.

RESISTANCE SPREADS

Madi$on:

Wednesday, October 18, U. of Wisconsin students attempted to obstruct recruiting by Dow Chemical Corporation, makers of napalm. About 300 entered the building on campus including those for and against Dow Chemical Corp. There was a large crowd and a picket line outside.

Chief of Protective Police Hansen (campus cop) said if the demonstrators left he would make Dow leave. Representatives of the demonstrators talked with Chancellor Seul and Dean Kaufman who said no such deal or negotiations had been made. Hansen returned and said that the demonstration was an unlawful assembly. He was booed. Two minutes later about 30 city cops entered wearing helmets and carrying riot sticks. Without warning of any kind they began beating the demonstrators.

The students linked arms. By the time the students realized that they were going to be beaten if they didn't leave, they had no way of getting out. The police beat indiscriminantly both those against and those in favor of DOW.

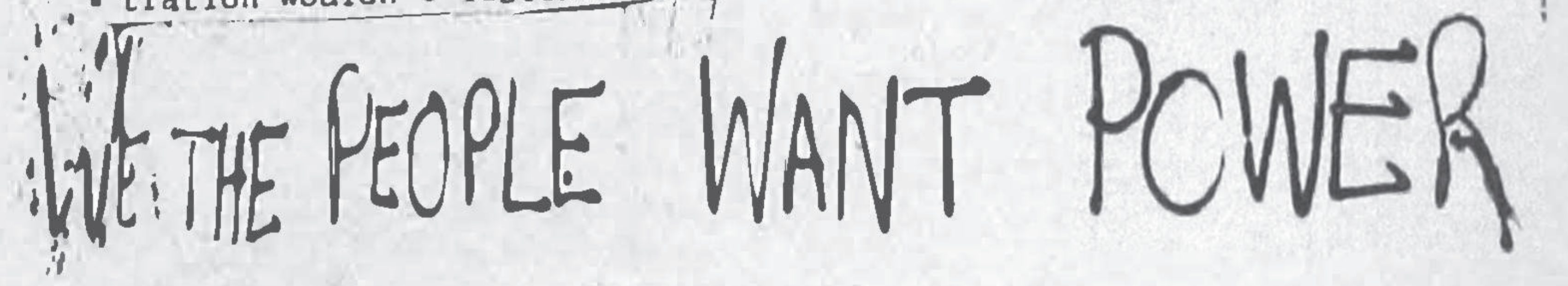
When what was happening inside became apparent, the crowd grew outside. They yelled at cops as they left the building. The demonstrators were beaten on the ground as they were dragged out. To disperse the crowd outside tear gas was used approximately four times within a few hours. The cops were met with as much violence as they were meting out. About six were put in a paddy wagon, but it was not permitted to leave, because the air was let out of the tires and it was blocked by a car. The six were released and will probably be issued a warrant soon

To escape the tear gas, demonstrators constantly confronted the cops in waves, cops threw tear gas into the building, driving demonstrators out another door. The demonstrators constantly confronted the cops in waves throwing anything they could get. The demonstration grew to riot dimensions. There were approximately 75 in the hospital, including (it is believed) six cops. The wounds included head injuries, internal injuries and eye damage from the tear gas.

At a rally on Wednesday about 5000 students called for a strike. Chancellor Seul called a faculty meeting. The strike started on Thursday and at least one-fourth to one-third stayed away from class. The strike ted throughout Thursday Fri- day with picketing rooms. At that point it was called off, allegedly as an act of support for the faculty. A small group of teachers said they would strike for a day. They didn't.

The faculty met on Monday, October 23rd, to discuss the setting up of a committee which would consist of equal numbers of students and faculty for the purpose of reccommending action in future unruly demonstrations and action to take about events of the 18th. This was a pacification technique to give the illusion of fairness. The faculty sold out again!

There was no mistake that the administration called in the cops. Many entered. When students asked to have the cops called off, the administration wouldn't listen.



Lawyers were sent in to speak to the administration. They still wouldn't listen. Finally they simply refused to talk with anyone.

Thirteen students have been suspended. Eight students who were suspended and/or beaten were the same students who days before had gone to the Federal court to file a request for protection at the demonstration on Wednesday. The court said that they could not do anything until something occured.

After what happened these same eight were guaranteed a court date, and they began Monday in court. They are suing the Board of Regents, the Chief of Police and Dean Kaufman on grounds that they acted unconstitutionally. If the case is won, the State of Wisconsin and the school will have no punitive power over people involved in the Wednesday demonstrations.

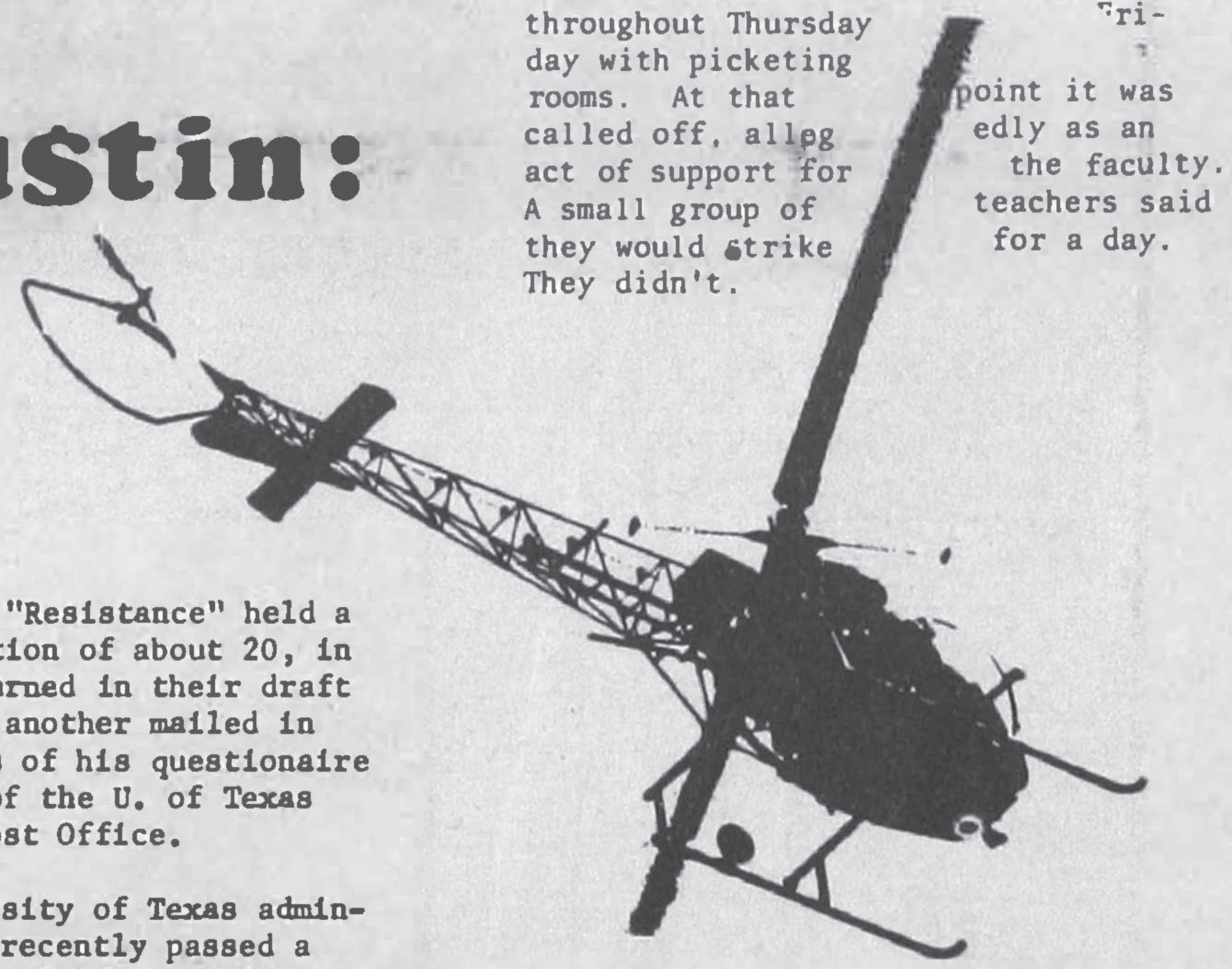
Some of the 13 students have received letters telling them they could go to class and take exams, but they are still suspended. The students are now suing the aforementioned persons and institutions.

A picture of a boy running from a cut-down American flag has appeared in all papers and officials on the campus are trying to bribe students for the name of the boy.

A committee for student rights has been formed. They have made the following demands: (1) cops not be allowed on campus (2) amnesty for the thirteen suspended students.

On Saturday, October 21, 3,000 to 5,000 students marched at noon from the campus to the capital building. They walked silently in single file on both sides of the street to a rally. Rallys have been held daily on campus at the library and thousands have attended.

Au$tin:



Oct. 16 - "Resistance" held a demonstration of about 20, in which 2 turned in their draft cards and another mailed in the ashes of his questionaire in front of the U. of Texas Federal Post Office.

The University of Texas administration recently passed a ruling forbidding organizations' use of the school name. Groups are complying.

Administrators have ordered the "Rag" to begin selling from an automatic vending machine instead of a table. The "Rag" stated they did not recognize the administration and, consequently, the order. If disciplinary action is instituted, the paper vowed, it will be ignored for the same reason.

Oct. 20 - Twenty-five persons held a forum in the Student Union Bldg. of the U. of Texas.

Oct. 21 - Fifteen hundred persons demonstrated peacably on Main St. in front of the Capitol; police gave them no trouble. Professors Cairns and Carolina spoke. Cairns helped organize the trip to Washington on the 21st, and is a leader of the campus anti-war committee.

Staughton Lynd spoke this weekend, sponsored by the campus Comm. to End the War.

Bo$ton:

Boston, Mass.

Oct. 16 At a Resistance demonstration, 291 people either burned up their draft cards or turned them in. Clergy spoke, and the FBI is now investigating them and the resisters, and using devious tactics of harrassment. The Boston Draft Resistance Group supported the action but did not take part.

Nov. 16 Several leaders and members of "Resistance", among them Howard ZINN, Minister Bill Coffin, and Alex Jack, plan to submit statements in person to officials stating that they have urged others to resist. They will be supported by demonstrators, among them 100 who will be ready to burn their draft cards.

we don't want violence

By George De Vincent

Oakland:

by Tom W. Smith

Berkeley (October 19)

This is written in haste and confusion, I cannot even see the short range much less the long range effects of what has happened here this week. I am tense and grim rather than exhilarated and optimistic. The battle has been joined, and there is a long, arduous road ahead of us. We must grow much much stronger if we are to be successful.

This week, the first crack appeared in the egg that will hatch white revolution in America. Literally, it was the sound of billy—clubs smashing into the heads of demonstrators peacefully sitting-in on a sidewalk, expecting arrest.

Tuesday morning, Oct 17, after 6,000 people rallied all night on the Berkeley campus in violation of a court injunction, over 3,000 persons were bussed to Oakland's military induction center, which checks the murdering ability of 400 kids every day.

Unlike Monday's demonstration, when several hundred persons picketed and 125 were arrested while sitting in, no one now was committed irrevocably to pacifism. Houston and Los Angeles this summer shattered that game.

The resistance started the week, handing in 235 draft cards at San Francisco's federal building. Stop - The - Draft - Week carries on this spirit: if assaulted by the cops, fight back. The press billed it beforehand as "The Violent Demonstration".

On Sunday, the cops seized one leader of the action and charged him

Continued on p. 15

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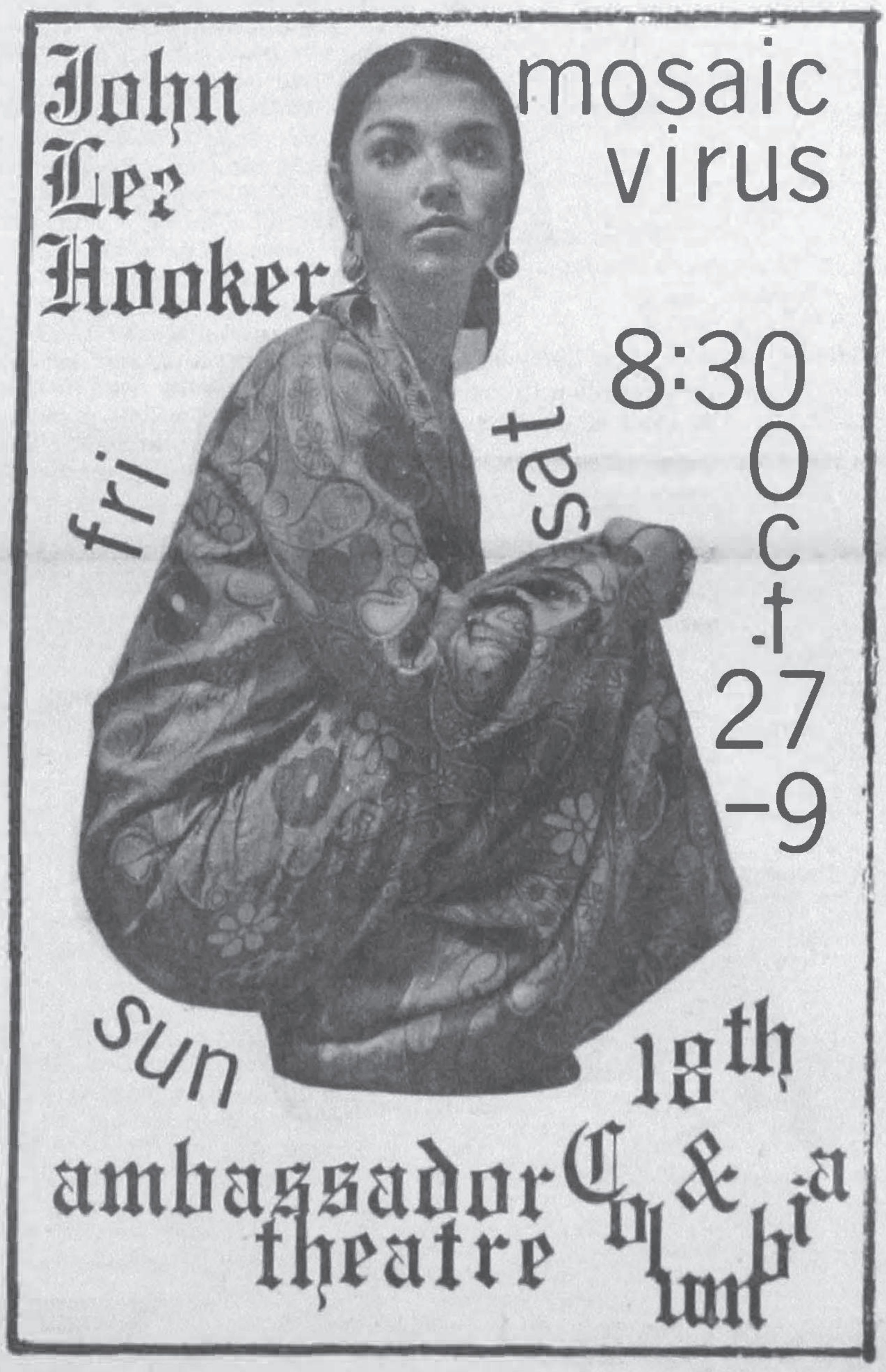
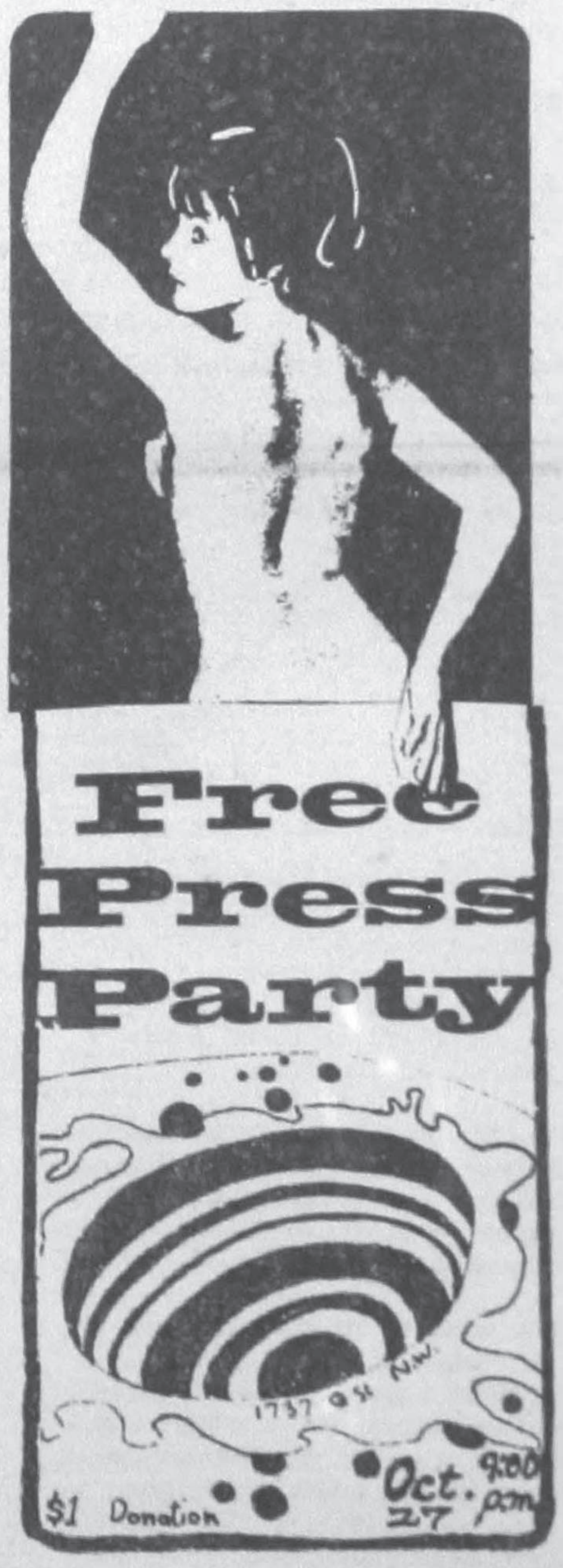

John Lee Hooker
mosaic virus
8:30
fri sat sun
Oct. 27–9
ambassador theatre
18th & Columbia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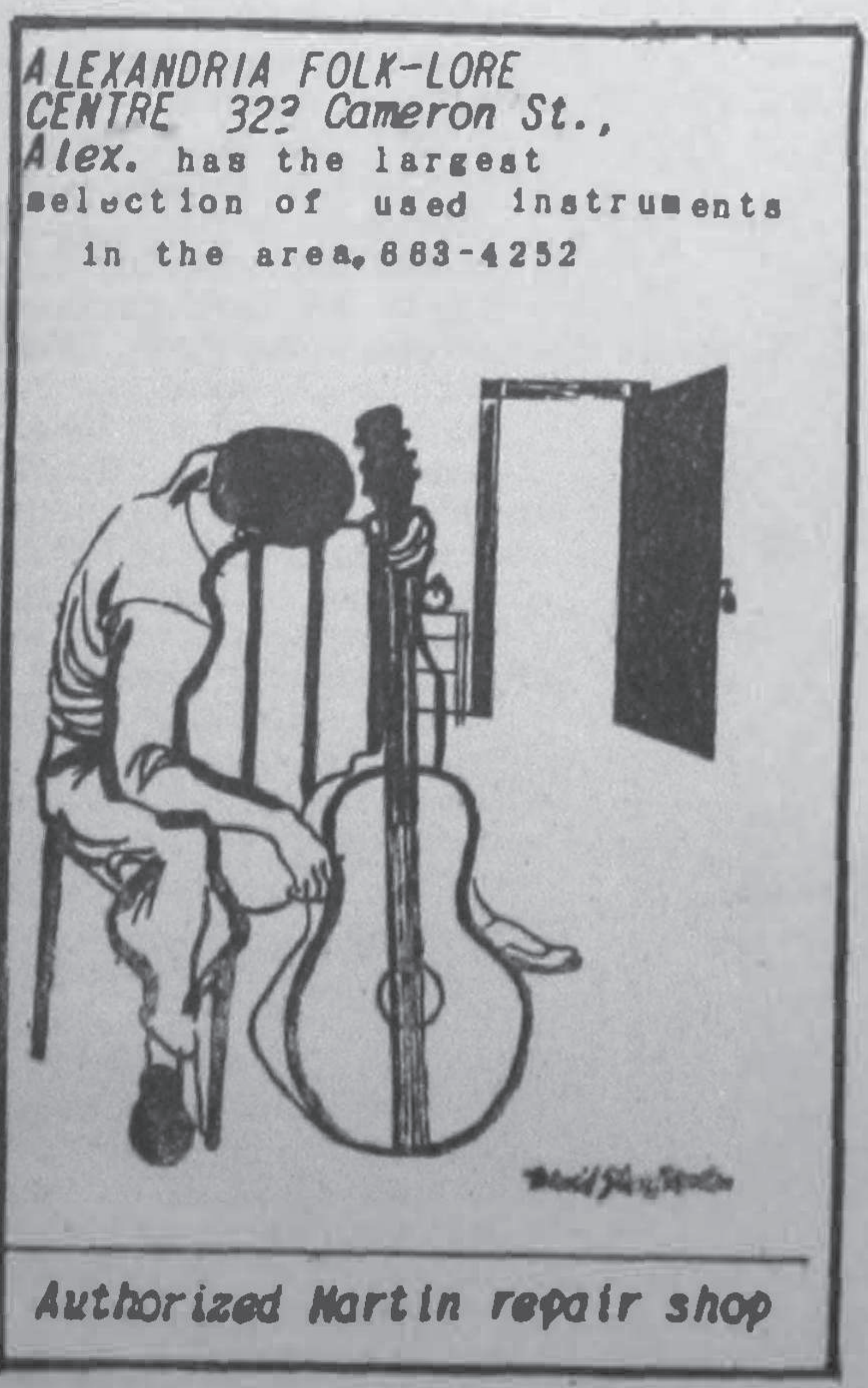
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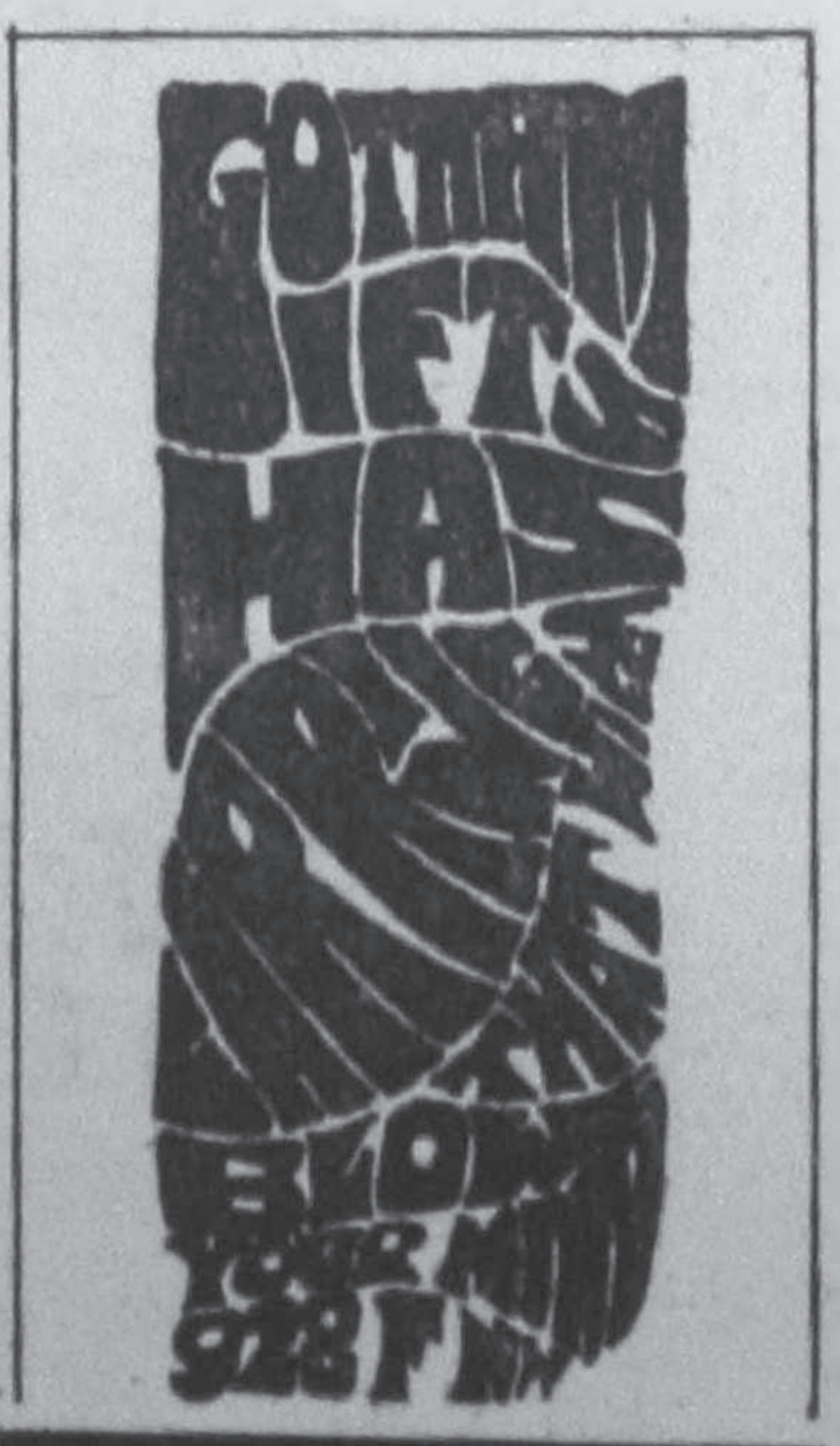

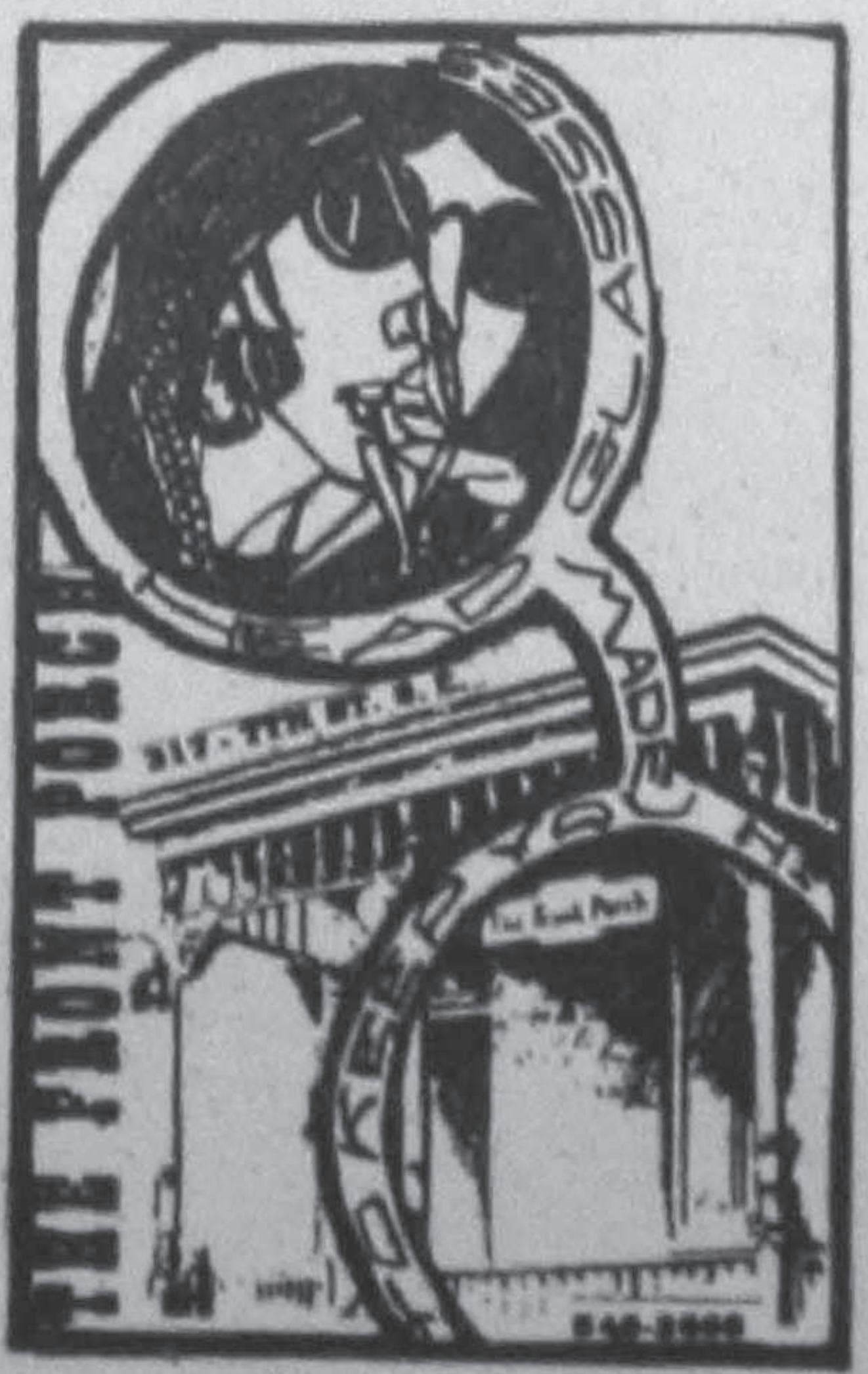

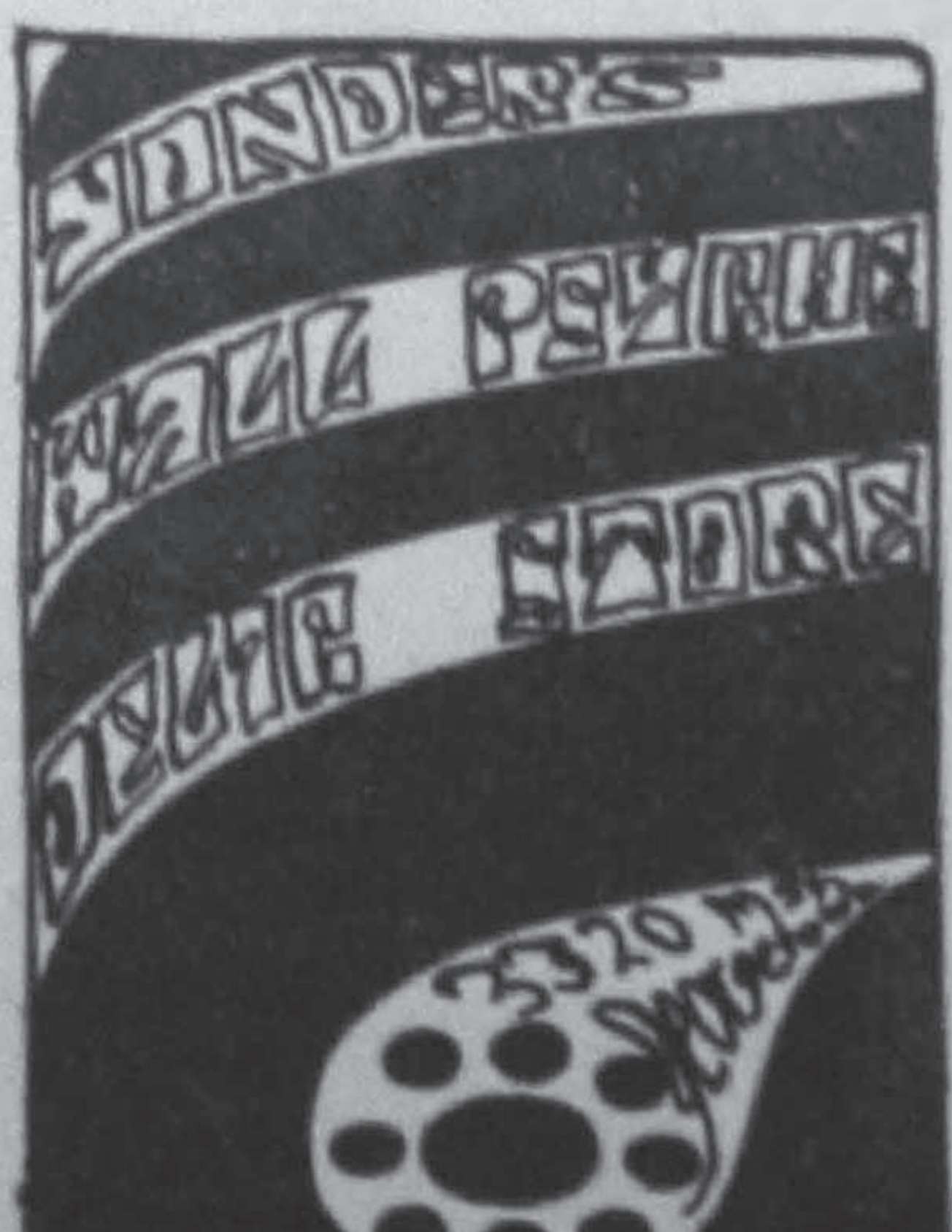

the draft scene:

continued from page thirteen

OAKLAND POLICE BRUTALITY PLANTS SEEDS OF WHITE REVOLUTION

with 29 counts of concealing a deadly weapon, because he was carrying 29 dowels in his trunk to be used to hold picket signs. As he put it, "The Oakland cops are so up-tight, they think we are going to attack them with 29 sticks."

They were so up-tight on Tuesday morning, faced with 3,000 people who had seized all the streets around the center, who were divided into eight groups communicating by walkie-talkie, who had their own medic squad, observers, lawyers, and wooden shields for protection, that when they attacked, the cops wailed not only on those sitting in the doorways, but on the medics in white coats trying to help the injured, on official observers, and (most disastrously for the cops) on the press. After press corps men were beaten, ribs broken, and cameras destroyed, the SF Chronicle headlined: "Oakland Draft Protest: A Bloody Attack by Police Clubs, Tear Gas, Boots" and an injunction was secured to prevent further assaults on the press.

The California administration from Reagan and Sen. Kuchel down to the county praised the police action, just as they will someday praise the police state. But it seems clear that a mistake was made. The campus mood is now incredibly militant, especially among those who were victims of, or who witnessed, the beatings; and a thing that might have died down after one uneventful day is certain to be the central interest in this area if not the whole country for some time to come.

The cops made it seem like war in the streets. They came on like an army, and the people responded: 750 cops had to fight almost a half hour to take their building back. Twenty four people and two cops were taken to the hospital and five demonstrators charged with felonious assault.

The lesson that the power structure intended to teach was, "Don't hassle us in any way." But the lesson the citizens went away saying they had learned was "Don't start a hassle unless you are prepared." And people are out there preparing right now, while I write this.

About 2,000 went back to Oakland before dawn on Wednesday, and hundreds again on Thursday. Arrests now total 237, and tomorrow, Oct 20, promises to be the biggest day yet. There will be even more shields, more helmets, and no one will get trapped by a mob of cops against a building. It is clear now, from one coast of this country to the other, that the bureaucracy's monopoly of coercion and violence has lost its legitimacy, and that the people are taking the power that belongs to them. There is a new thing in the air. The spirit of revolution and resistance to imperialism that is sweeping the world has broken into the open air this week in **white America.**

YOUR SIGNATURE DOES HAVE POWER -- IF YOU USE IT - - OVER 50,000 ALREADY HAVE.

Individuals Against the Crime of Silence

A Declaration To Our Fellow Citizens Of The United States, To The Peoples Of The World, And To Future Generations:

1 We are appalled and angered by the conduct of our country in Vietnam.

2 In the name of liberty, we have unleashed the awesome arsenal of the greatest military power in the world upon a small agricultural nation, killing, burning and mutilating its people. In the name of peace, we are creating a desert. In the name of security, we are inviting world conflagration.

3 We, the signers of this declaration, believe this war to be immoral. We believe it to be illegal. We must oppose it.

4 At Nuremberg, after World War II, we tried, convicted and executed men for the crime of OBEYING their government, when that government demanded of them crimes against humanity. Millions more, who were not tried, were still guilty of THE CRIME OF SILENCE.

5 We have a commitment to the laws and principles we carefully forged in the AMERICAN CONSTITUTION, at the NUREMBERG TRIALS, and in the UNITED NATIONS CHARTER. And our own deep democratic traditions and our dedication to the ideal of human decency among men demand that we speak out.

We Therefore wish to declare our names to the office of the Secretary General of the United Nations, both as permanent witness to our opposition to the war in Vietnam and as a demonstration that the conscience of America is not dead.

On September 23, 1965, a Memorandum of Law was incorporated in the Congressional Record of the 89th Congress of the United States of America, in which eighty leading American attorneys, after careful analysis of our position and actions in the Vietnam War, came to the conclusion that we are violating the following accords: The Charter of the United Nations, The Geneva Accords of 1954, the United States Constitution.

To Protest — To Object — To Dissent has long been an American tradition. The following are a few among the many who have signed this declaration to be on permanent record.

ABE AJAY
JAMES BALDWIN
(FATHER) J. E. BAMBERGER, M.D., OCSO
DANIEL BERRIGAN, S.J.
REV. PHILLIP BERRIGAN, S.S.J.
RAY BRADBURY
ROBERT McAFFEE BROWN
REV. WILLIAM H. DU BAY
JAMES FARMER
W. H. FERRY
DR. JEROME D. FRANK
REV. STEPHEN H. FRITCHMAN
BEN GAZZARA
DR. FRED GOLDSTEIN
NAOMI L. GOLDSTEIN

DR. RALPH R. GREENSON
PROF. ABRAHAM J. HESCHEL
BRIG. GENERAL H. B. HESTER, RET.
DR. STANLEY HOFFMAN
TERESSA B. HOFFMAN
CHARLES H. HUBBEL
SANDER L. JOHNSON, ESQ.
PROF. DONALD KALISH
EDWARD M. KEATING
PHIL KERBY
RING LARDNER, JR.
RABBI RICHARD H. LEVY
LOUIS LICHT, ESQ.
DR. ROBERT E. LITMAN
VICTOR LUDWIG

HERBERT D. MAGIDSON
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DAVID SCHOENBRUN
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FRED H. STEINMETZ, ESQ.
DR. NORMAN TABACHNICK
D. IAN THIERMANN
BRYNA IVENS UNTERMEYER
LOUIS UNTERMEYER
DICK VAN DYKE
ROBERT VAUGHN
DR. MAURICE N. WALSH
DR. HARVEY WHEELER
A. L. WIRIN, ESQ.

I wish to sign my name to the above Declaration to the United Nations and want to go on record with this Declaration of the Individuals Against the Crime of Silence.

signature
For clarity, also print your name after your signature
address date
city state zip

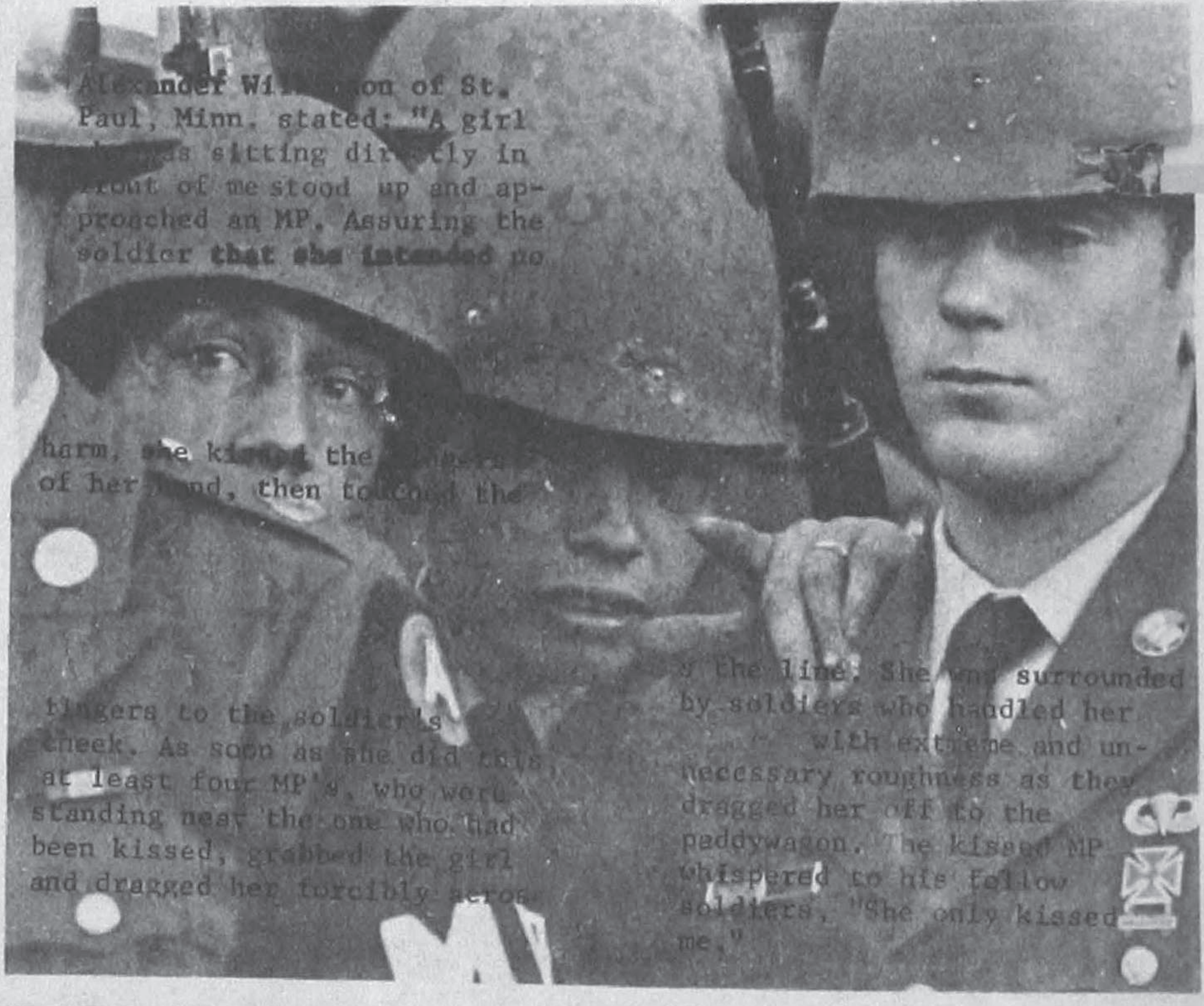
Sign, complete and mail to P.O. Box 69960, Los Angeles, Calif. 90069. The office of the Individuals Against the Crime of Silence will then forward the information to the United Nations.

Should you also wish to support additional publishings and communications, send $1 or more in cash or by check made payable to Individuals Against the Crime of Silence. This donation entitles you to the lapel emblem and the wallet-sized registration card. Money is needed to speed our progress.

The strength of our numbers will regularly and effectively be made known. Your signature does have power.

WF

TEAR OUT ON DOTTED LINE AND MAIL.



Alexander Wi[illegible]on of St. Paul, Minn. stated: "A girl [illegible] sitting directly in front of me stood up and approached an MP. Assuring the soldier that she intended no harm, she kissed the [illegible] of her hand, then touched the fingers to the soldier's cheek. As soon as she did this, at least four MP's, who were standing near the one who had been kissed, grabbed the girl and dragged her forcibly across the line. She was surrounded by soldiers who handled her with extreme and unnecessary roughness as they dragged her off to the paddywagon. The kissed MP whispered to his fellow soldiers, "She only kissed me."

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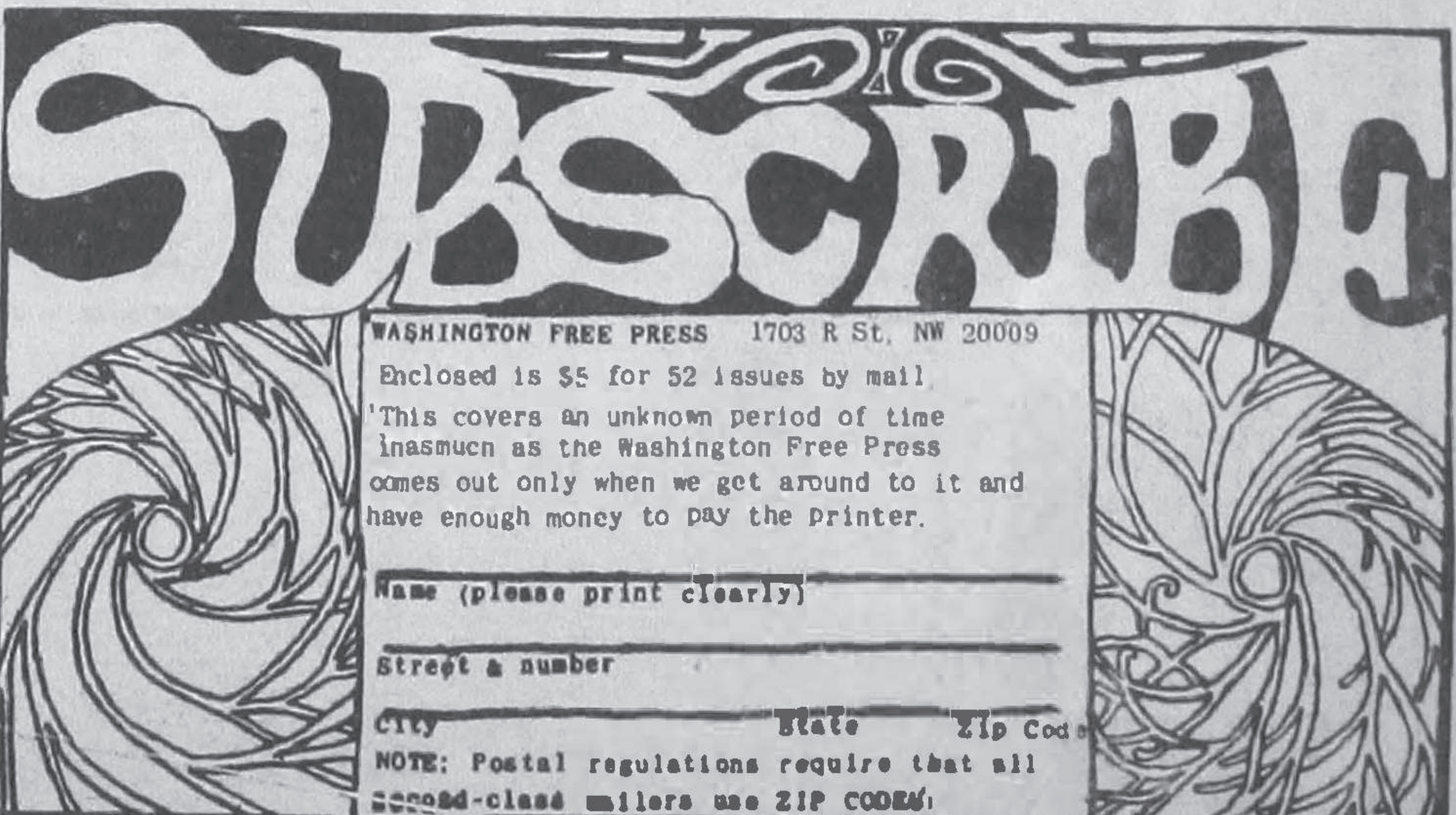

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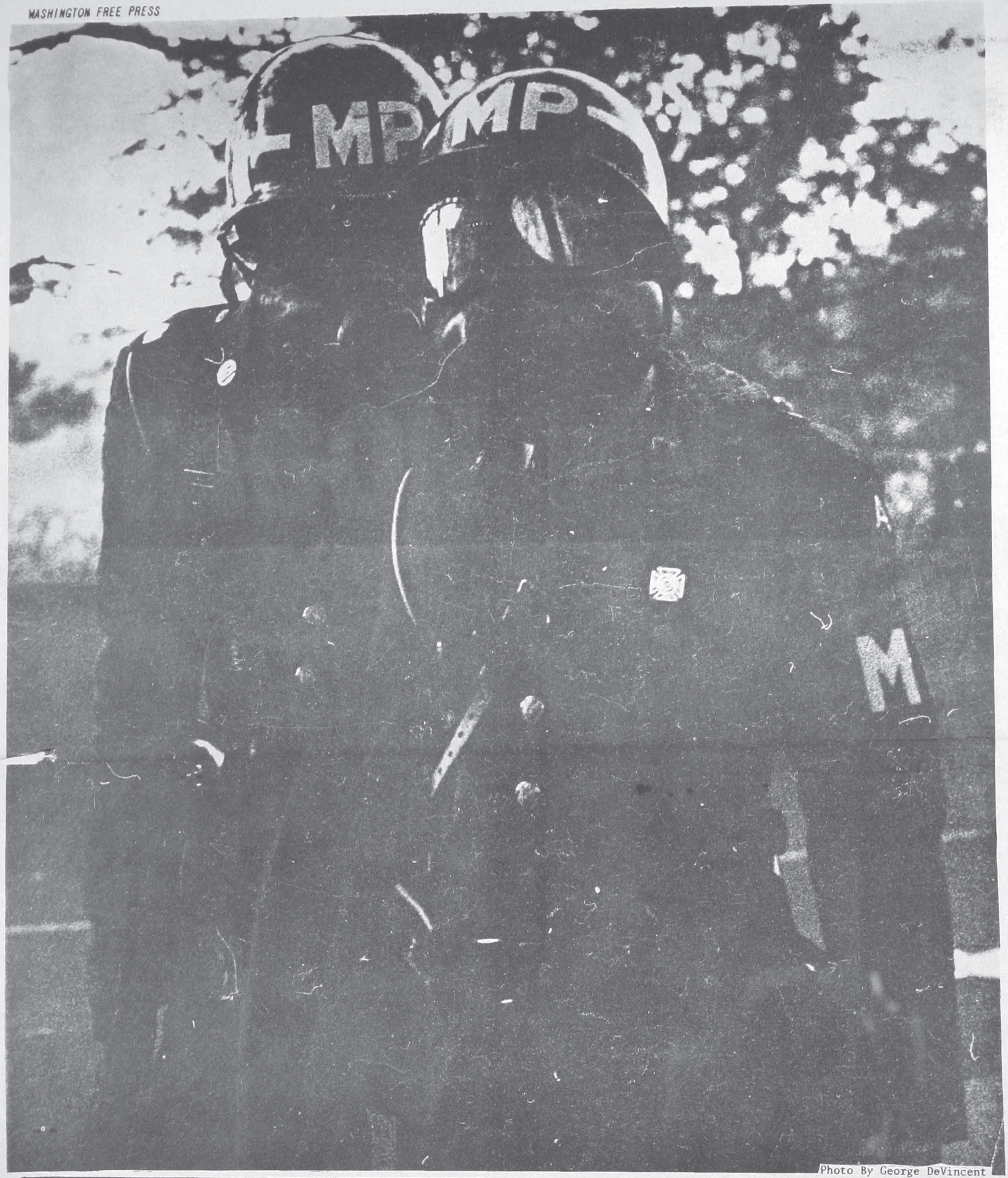

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